

466
SENTIMENTAL LETTERS

ON

I T A L Y;

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

BY PRESIDENT DUPATY,

IN 1785.

PUBLISHED AT ROME IN 1788,

AND

TRANSLATED THE SAME YEAR

BY J. POVOLERI, AT PARIS.

VOL. I.

High soars the Genius; and informs the Page
With Music, Image, Sentiment, and Thought,
Never to die—the Treasure of Mankind.

THOMSON,

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR THE TRANSLATOR BY J. CROWDER;

AND

SOLD BY J. BEW, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.

17

750

MOOREHEAD, JETTON

MUSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

217 3M13 3HT 03TA13HAST

BY-1-BQVOERL AT PARIS

1305

Never to be made the subject of discussion.

70725037

0-7-D-O-K:

1970-10-18 14:48:35 1970-10-18 14:48:35

巴 登 人

SOLD BY J. B. HARRIS, 100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

484412, 123, 10

TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE following Letters were written by the late President Dupaty to his wife and children, and to some of his friends, during his residence in Italy, Three of them contain in the original a translation in French verse of Propertius's *Elegy to Cynthia*, Tibullus's *Advice to Lovers*, and his *Cereal Festivals*. I omitted inserting these poetical essays, which no doubt will be presented to the public in Mr. Dupaty's posthumous works, for a very
A obvious

ii TO THE READER.

obvious reason. Had I translated them into prose, they would have been flat and insipid ; without translating them at all, the reader, unacquainted with the language, would certainly not have been pleased ; and to insert them with a poetical translation, as I could never have dared to attempt a new one, I must have transcribed the English lines already extant, which could not convey an idea of the excentric version, or rather imitation, of my author. To have printed the Latin, with the French and English translations, would have been too pedantic, and could only be suffered in a philological work.

M. Dupaty has likewise taken the pains, in another letter, to translate, for the use of his son, Pliny's descrip-

tion of the dreadful eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which buried towns under its ruins, and deprived the world of that celebrated natural philosopher, Pliny the elder. The translation is both faithful and elegant; but who has not been charmed in reading that of Mr. Melmoth? It would have been therefore presumption in me to have attempted rendering again this description into English. This, I hope, will be a sufficient apology for omitting these four, and altering the number of the original letters.

But a fault, and that of the greatest magnitude in the eyes of the many partizans of Italy, may perhaps be imputed to me, viz. That I do not stand forth the champion of that country, and vindicate its inhabitants from the

iv TO THE READER.

bitter and severe aspersions thrown ever and anon by the late M. Dupaty against the language, which all Europe admires; the manners, and the character, of the Italians. There indeed, I must own, I should deserve the strictest censure, were it not my intention to add a Supplement to these Letters, the moment I shall have re-visited those charming regions, where I so happily spent part of my youth. I have learned by experience, that a man should divest himself of all passions, and national prejudices, before he enters the list, as an advocate for any cause whatever; and as the antagonist has unluckily left the field of contention for ever, I should think it unfair and ungenerous so peremptorily to examine and discuss a subject, viewed in a different light from other travellers by the author of these

TO THE READER.

these Letters, most of which I found so emphatically written, that their enchanting diction alone induced me to undertake the present translation.

I cannot help adding, as a farther justification of my not answering at present M. Dupaty's positive assertions on the character of the Italians, that the impressions I received, while so young, have been gradually wearing away, after an absence of almost forty years, and a constant residence under a different government: it will be therefore necessary to review those objects which struck me then but feebly, and re-examine at a maturer age, those manners which are probably not so depraved as the author has conceived; for if the old adage be true, that *felicitate corrumpimur*, the pro-

vi TO THE READER.

gress of wealth and luxury, pleasure and effeminacy, in the west of Europe, would induce one to think, that their inseparable companion, corruption of manners, cannot have quite so strong an empire in the east as in former times. The carnival of Venice, and its short *Ascension*-fair, may be actually said to be transported to the *Palais Royal* of Paris, where they are constantly held.

The strictures, however, on my author's Letters, which I promise to publish at a future period, accompanied with observations, and farther remarks on Italy, particularly on some provinces of Lombardy, seldom visited by English or French travellers, shall be so blended with proper directions, and instructions, relative to a transalpine journey, that I flatter myself the curious, who intend

TO THE READER. vii

intend to visit the beautiful country of Italy, will find *my Supplement* as convenient and necessary in their post-chaises, as the useful Itinerary of M. Dutens.

In order to avoid the interruption of notes, and references from the text to the margin, I thought it most convenient, and equally satisfactory (as there were but few, and those very short ones), to bring them in after their respective sentences, adding a period or two to the letters they refer to. I have likewise incorporated two letters in one, on the Neapolitan government, as the subject seemed to require it.

In regard to my duty, which is certainly that of being faithful, the reader will find I have been literally true where

VIII . TO THE READER.

I safely could, as no danger could be incurred in keeping close to so exalted an original. When I conveyed the author's meaning in other words, I did it *vestigia semper adorans*. His Letters, though very descriptive, are full of sentiment, and shrewd observations, and contain a display of the author's reflections, and the ingenuous ideas, which occurred to him at the sight of that wonderful and highly interesting part of the world. If they should be found too full of enthusiasm and sensibility, can it be ascribed as a fault to this charming author, that he had obtained from nature a very sensible heart? And can one describe an interesting scene, or a striking object, without exhibiting a picture? Those who look with indifference on the productions of nature or art, and have not the least idea or sentiment

TO THE READER. ix

timent of the beautiful and sublime, can criticise at their ease the descriptions of those who feel and admire. M. Dupaty cannot be taxed with having adopted high-sounding words, or bombastical imagery, in expressing common ideas ; he has described and painted objects of the greatest importance, ever dear to sentimental travellers, on classic ground. How far I have succeeded in my attempt to convey his thoughts in the English language, I leave to the candid and sensible reader to determine : I shall wait for his decision with respect, but without fear, conscious of having done my utmost endeavours to deserve his indulgence, in exhibiting a work of imagination, by which the author, shaking off the burdensome fetters of elaborate periods, precise sentences, and the studied paragraphs of

XI TO THE READER.

over-timid writers, has embellished the
epistolary style with novelty, and added
wings to his native language.

Paris, Nov. 24, 1788.

TABLE

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

LETTER I. Page 1

AVIGNON.

*Description of the fountain of Vaucluse—L'Abbé
Deffle—Petrarch and Laura—Alexander the
Great.*

LETTER II. 6

AVIGNON.

*Lorenzo unjustly condemned to the galleys by the
vice-legate—His innocence discovered by an ex-
traordinary event—Short comparison between
the French and English laws.*

A 6

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER III. Page 11

TOULON.

Short description of that town—Rules of the galleys—Extracts of their register-books—Singlar event among the galley slaves.

LETTER IV. 16

NICE.

Description of Nice—Winkelman's remarks on the English ladies refuted.

LETTER V. 19

NICE.

Details of Nice—An agreeable day passed at M. Thomas's—Conversation after dinner—M. de R——'s character.

LETTER VI. 22

MONACO.

Strictures on the principality of Monaco.

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER VII. Page 24

GENOA.

*Observations on several paintings—The death of
Holophernes—Assumption by Guido Reni—The
death of Cleopatra.*

LETTER VIII. 28

GENOA.

*Magnificence of the Sera Palace—Details of Ge-
noa—Ignorance and indolence of the noblemen—
The town-hospital.*

LETTER IX. 33

GENOA.

The commerce—The bank—The police of Genoa.

LETTER X. 37

GENOA.

*The Durazzo Palace—Several paintings—A
Magdalen of Paul Veronese—Olindo and So-
phronia bound to a stake.*

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER XL Page 39

GENOA.

A picture representing the death of Seneca.

LETTER XII. 41

GENOA.

Description of the galleys—The fate of voluntary galley-slaves—Of the Turks, taken by the Genoese corsairs.

LETTER XIII. 45

GENOA.

Character of M. Lomellino, the ex-doge—Description of his gardens at Poggi.

LETTER XIV. 51

GENOA.

The hospital of the incurables.

LETTER XV. 53

GENOA.

A pastoral subject painted by Albano.

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER XVI. Page 55

GENOA.

Details on the government of that republic.

LETTER XVII. 60

GENOA.

On the administration of justice.

LETTER XVIII. 62

GENOA.

The same subject continued.

LETTER XIX. 64

GENOA.

*Continuation of the same subject—Opinions of the
Genoese on Mr. Necker's book, Administration
des Finances.*

LETTER XX. 66

GENOA.

*Cicisbeism—The ladies' dress at Genoa—Details
on Genoese morals.*

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER XXI. Page 70

GENOA.

L'Albergo dei poveri—*Marble medallion by Michael Angelo—Assumption, by Puget.*

LETTER XXII. 72

GENOA.

Churches—Statue of St. Sebastian, by Puget.

LETTER XXIII. 74

LUCCA.

General idea of that republic—Opinion of the people on their government.

LETTER XXIV. 86

PISA.

Its situation—Particular accident in the cathedral—Description of Campo Santo.

LETTER XXV. 89

FLORENCE.

Government of the Grand Duke—Character of that prince.

LETTER

A TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER XXVI. Page 95

FLORENCE.

Censure of the Grand Duke's government—Answer to the censure—Conversation with the Grand Duke's children.

LETTER XXVII. 104

FLORENCE.

Idea of the gallery—A marble horse—Statue of Cæsar—Statue of Apollo—Of Flora—Of Mercury—Of Bacchus—Another Bacchus, by Michael Angelo—Busts of the Roman emperors.

LETTER XXVIII. 110

FLORENCE.

A painting, by Michael Angelo—Arabesques by the same.

LETTER XXIX. 112

FLORENCE.

Corilla—Observations on the Italian language—Nardini, a celebrated musician.

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER XXX. Page 115

FLORENCE.

The Venus of Medicis.

LETTER XXXI. 118

FLORENCE.

The Pretender, and his daughter, the Duchefs of Albany.

LETTER XXXII. 121

FLORENCE.

The description of the gallery continued—Several statues—Niobe's group—Several paintings—Joseph and Potiphar—St. Francis—The Magdalen in the desert.

LETTER XXXIII. 126

FLORENCE.

he cabinet of natural history—M. Fontana, the keeper of it—Encomium on that learned man.

LETTER XXXIV. 131

FLORENCE.

The cathedral.

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER XXXV. Page 133

FLORENCE.

Poggio Imperiale, the Grand Duke's country seat.

LETTER XXXVI. 135

FLORENCE.

The imperial library—Michael Angelo's house.

LETTER XXXVII. 137

FLORENCE.

*The Corsini palace—Several pictures—Poetry—
St. Sebastian—Silenus, by Albano.*

LETTER XXXVIII. 139

FLORENCE.

*Political system of the Grand Duke—The dangers
he runs.*

LETTER XXXIX. 142

FLORENCE.

Love, a picture of Coreggio.

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER XL. Page 144

FLORENCE.

*The Pitti palace—The ball of the four ends of man
—The death of the rich and the poor—Pitti
gardens.*

LETTER XLI. 148

FLORENCE.

*Academies—A public meeting—Remarks on the
Italian language.*

LETTER XLII. 152

FLORENCE.

Academy of Arts.

LETTER XLIII. 154

FLORENCE.

*The Ricardi palace—A cieling, painted by Gior-
dano.*

LETTER XLIV. 157

ROME.

*Description of the route from Leghorn to Florence,
and from Florence to Rome.*

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER XLV. Page 161

ROME.

The author's arrival at Rome.

LETTER XLVI. 164

ROME.

Description of the Pantheon—Reflections on architecture—Raphael's tomb.

LETTER XLVII. 173

ROME.

St. Lewis of Gonzaga's festival—St. Ignatius's church—Artifice of the Jesuits.

LETTER XLVIII. 177

ROME.

Il Bambino.

LETTER XLIX. 179

ROME.

The capitol.

LETTER L. 181

ROME

Excursion to the Via Appia—Velabro—The tomb of Cecilia Metella.

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER LI. Page 183

The Forum.

ROME.

LETTER LII. 185

Description of Tivoli.

ROME.

LETTER LIII. 187

Route from Rome to Tivoli.

ROME.

LETTER LIV. 190

The grand cascade.

TIVOLI.

LETTER LV. 193

Les Cascatelles, or the small cascades.

LETTER LVI. 198

The Temp^e of the Sybil.

TIVOLI.

LETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER LVII. 200

ROME.

L'Incendio del Borgo, a picture by Raphael.

LETTER LVIII. 207

FRASCATI.

Frascati's villas described.

LETTER LIX. 211

ROME.

The Hercules of the Farnese palace.

LETTER LX. 220

ROME.

On the beauty of the Roman ladies—on their voice.

LETTER LXI. 225

ROME.

A singular bull of a pope.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER LXII. 226

ROME.

Several monuments described—The tomb of Augustus—Egyptian obelisk—The Trajan column—Monte Cavallo's beautiful horses.

LETTER LXIII. 230

ROME.

Love among the Roman ladies.

LETTER LXIV. 234

ROME.

The fountain Egeria.

LETTER LXV. 237

ROME.

Description of Villa Borghese—The Curtius—The Gladiator—The Apollo.

I

LETTERS

for me, it is a pleasure to my

now even at this moment, I should

is now bustling like a noble river from a

vast reservoir in the midst of a chain of moun-

tains, bubbling forward, unobscured by

its, containing by degrees, and all together

terrible and thundering impetuosity over-

flowing, forming rapids, and all together

presenting a scene to the enraptured eye of

which nature has flowing in the

not the mind's eye of the painter, can

convey an adequate idea.

Such is the fountain of Vaucluse.

LETTER I.

one of the happy countries that are called

AVIGNON, APRIL 1785.

I HAVE been but three days at Avignon,

and find it delightful. Do not despair of

enjoying the sweets of spring at Paris, for

I met that charming season the moment I

entered *le Comtat*.

The object which I was most strongly im-

pressed with a desire to visit, was the fountain

of Vaucluse. I saw it yesterday—why do I

Vol. I. B say

say *yesterday*? for methinks it is present to my view even at this moment.—Yes, I behold it now bursting, like a noble river from a vast reservoir in the midst of a chain of mountains, bubbling, foaming, majestically rising, and, encreasing by degrees, at length, with a resistless and thundering impetuosity overflowing, forming rapid falls, and all together presenting a scene to the enraptured eye, of which neither the glowing fancy of the poet, nor the animating pencil of the painter, can convey an adequate idea.

Such is the fountain of *Vaucluse*.—In a few minutes the river becomes calm, like one of those happy characters, that are easily carried away at first by a natural vivacity of temper, but quickly resume the wonted moderation to which the goodness of their hearts inclines them.—The current then changes its silver stream into azure-waves, and gently rolling its treasures, bounteously spreads them over an enamelled carpet: but soon after, behold the waters divided into numberless small rivulets, and running across a charming valley! see them re-united and quitting together the
enchancing

enchancing vale, gliding along in a thousand different rills, fertilizing and embellishing, in their course, under the name of *la Sorgue*, the delightful *Comtat d'Avignon*.

The picture of this heavenly abode, drawn by the Abbé Delille, is very exact. I have examined and compared every line; they contain as much truth as if they were written in prose, which is seldom the case with travellers and poets. The description cannot, however, give you an idea of this romantic place; it can only preserve the recollection of it in the mind, as is the case with the portraits and descriptions of all other objects. I found not in the verses the surges, the murmurs, nor the awful sounds that were furnished to me by the fountain. Besides, how can one see in the poem those black hanging rocks, that form so wonderful a contrast to the snowy foam of the dashing surges? Could the poet display the brilliant enamelled turf, on which the naiads fondly repose? *Vaucluse* presents at once the most admirable landscape, and the most singular phænomenon.

LETTERS ON ITALY.

" Mais ces eaux, ce beau ciel, ce vallon enchanteur,

" Moins que Petrarque et Laure intéressaient mon cœur."

But less the beauteous sky, th' enchanting vale,

Or the delightful streams affect my heart,

Than Laura's name, and Petrarch's sweet love-tale.

The idea of Petrarch and Laura animates all the landscape; it beautifies, and renders it enchanting. On every rock have I traced the steps of those happy lovers. It is here, would I say, they used to sit together, and hold sweet converse with their souls! this is the place where Petrarch gave so many repeated proofs of boundless love, and shed so many tears! Here, from his breast heaved those immortal sighs which still vibrate on the ear of sensibility! I sat on the declivity of a rock for a full hour, and, rapt in extacy, listened to the solemn sound of the waters, whilst I viewed the vivid verdure of the vale, the azure tints of this beauteous sky, the youthful charms of the spring, and Laura's person in idea. There I collected round my heart all the objects of its fondness. I imagined I saw my sweet children gambolling on the grass, running along those ever-smiling banks, and wafting,

wafting, with emulation, on echo, to my ravished soul, a thousand shouts of happiness and joy.

Before I quitted that delicious spot, I had a mind to try whether, as *P Abbé Delille* assures us, echo had not forgotten the sweet name of Laura. Let it not displease the poet—the ungrateful nymph unluckily remembers but half of it.

Adieu ! charming fountain !—Those memorable places where the conqueror of the world, Alexander, won his battles, are with difficulty traced ; but the place where Laura and Petrarch loved, will be eternally known : the murmurs of thy waves, enchanting Vaucluse ! and the poetry of *Delille* and *Roucher*, who have celebrated thee, will announce it to all future ages !

LETTERS ON ITALY

LETTER II.

AVIGNON.

I HAVE very little more to say respecting this town, where I have been but three days. You will, perhaps, reply, that M. — wrote his tour of Italy, without having ever quitted France.

The following is a detail of what struck me most:—From the decisions of the vice-legatè, in criminal cases, there is no appeal; but in civil ones, he judges only in the first instance. This mode is, they say, very common in Italy. And why should it be so?—civil justice threatens principally the rich; and criminal, the wretched. The vice-legatè has the privilege of pardoning; a strange alienation of power from the sovereign! It is true, the tribunals in France have often the power to prevent the monarch from using this sweet prerogative—a still stranger alienation! The pope is so well pleased with his vice-legatè, that

that he has just created him candlestick-bearer, (*porte chandelier*) of his chapel: this is a real promotion in his holiness's government.

I saw yesterday a man who is just freed from the galleys, to which he had been unjustly, and ridiculously, condemned for five years, on account of his having been *almost convicted of murder*, by this *worthy candlestick-bearer*. This unhappy fellow has undergone his sentence in full, in spite of all the efforts of the *Intendant de Toulon*, and the remonstrances of the public in general. His name is *Lorenzo*, and his innocence had been made manifest in a very extraordinary manner. The following fact was communicated to me by the *Intendant M. Malouet*, a very humane and sensible gentleman. —As *Lorenzo* was walking one day before the arsenal of Toulon, another galley-slave said to one of his comrades, “There’s a poor sufferer I cannot bear the sight of; he is here on the supposition of having murdered such a one, but I am the person who committed the crime.” *Lorenzo* heard these words; what emotions of joy did he not feel at that in-

stant! He runs to the slave, and entreats him to deposit the secret of his innocence in proper hands. The wretch disowns his words, the source of pity no longer flows in his breast, and the terror of condign punishment appals his heart. *Lorenzo* obtained leave to be the slave's companion, and had the constancy, for the space of two years, to continue bound at the same oar with the depositary of his innocence. What words—what endearing expressions, did not *Lorenza* use, day and night, in hopes of moving the obdurate breast of the murderer: but the wretch was inflexible. At the end of two years, however, affected, perhaps, by *Lorenzo's* incessant tears, and earnest prayers, he revealed a second time the important secret. Witnesses were placed within hearing, and his confession, taken down in writing, was carried to the intendant.—The delinquent was immediately thrown into a dungeon, and alas! by this imprudent act of severity, the culprit solemnly denied all that he had before said on a subject of so much importance to *Lorenzo*, who was forced, though innocent, to undergo the full punishment annexed to his imputed crime. The five years

LETTERS ON ITALY.

are at length elapsed, and he is now free. But what was he condemned for? you will ask.—On the slightest presumption.—On presumption! The deceased had nine *louis d'or* in his pocket; three men were taken up on suspicion, one of whom was *Lorenzo*. Three *louis* were found in each man's pocket.—“These are the nine *louis*, says the judge, that belonged to the murdered man, and, consequently, these three must be the murderers.” They were condemned to the galley—two of them died.

Such was the case in the affair of *Langlade*, whose innocence was discovered afterwards: this is the consequence of judging without proof; and such is the case in all criminal tribunals, except those of England. The laws of that kingdom are afraid of condemning;—the laws of France are afraid of acquitting.

Our unhappy sufferer is going to Rome, where he hopes to obtain of the pope a second trial. They say his holiness is very humane. I have observed that men possessed of

10 LETTERS ON ITALY.

humanity, or to make use of a simpler expression, *men* are less prone to believe the worst, and not so often deceived. Humanity itself is a light that guides us.

LETTER

LETTER. III.

TOULON.

AS I have taken Toulon in my way, I must say a word or two of its harbour and town. The latter is pretty enough, regularly built, and watered by a thousand rivulets, falling from the rocks and mountains which surround it. A great number of fountains receive these waters, and distribute them through the streets: the town of Toulon might really be taken for a fountain. Such copious streams render winter a little colder, but in return, allay very much the summer's heat.

The harbour is really wonderful. I have seen *Le Heros*, the flag-ship of *M. de Suffren*, which certainly did not usurp its name. I paid particular attention to the manner of living in the galleys. The slaves are by no means ill-treated at Toulon: they work, and are paid. How shocking is it to reflect, that there are perhaps ten millions of men in France, who would think themselves happy in rowing at a galley, were it not for the disgrace of being condemned

to it! Formerly, at the expiration of the period of their sentence, the galley-slaves who relapsed into their former courses used to return; but of late, the tribunals that administer justice at Toulon, instead of sending the old offenders to the galleys, order them to be hanged.

The number of these people is nearly the same every year; that is to say, pretty much the same number of crimes is committed annually. Thus nearly equal is the quantity of water that enters daily into a vessel, and the working at the pump is still the same; but were the vessel better constructed, the ribs better joined, and the vigilance greater, much less water would certainly enter. I have run over the list of the galley-slaves. Hear them, and shudder—*Boys at thirteen condemned to the oar for having been found in company with their fathers, who had been declared by law to be professed smugglers.* These are the very words—I have read them—for *having been found with their fathers!* Had they not been found with them they would have been sent to Bridewell (*à Bicêtre*). This is the equitable code of the treasury!

treasury! To the treasury is this indulgence given! The blood of the innocent is sold to it, —and yet we are silent!

I have seen many of these children; tears have been ready to drop; indignation kindled at the thought; and my soul could not have regained its wonted calmness, had it not been for the hopes of not dying, without having properly exposed all the horrors of our criminal legislation. Ah! could I but contribute to deliver the young and innocent from those abominable fetters!—I hope to do it.

I likewise read in the register-book for pilfering, and strong suspicion of murder, to the galleys for ever—for cheating and deceiving a great number of genteel people (*gens honnêtes*), to the galleys for one hundred years. This is a sentence worthy of the tribunal des Deux Ponts. France has imparted her manner of punishing to many sovereigns of Germany. I have read again, on strong suspicion of murder and a robbery, accompanied with burglary, to the galleys for ever.

I would

I would give a high price for a copy of the galley registers. What intelligence would they not furnish ! They might serve to ascertain the bloody harvest annually reaped by the different tribunals of France with the destroying sword of criminal justice.

A singular event plunged, sometime ago, the galley-slaves into the deepest despair. The intendant of marine received orders to separate, into three distinct classes, the deserters, the smugglers, and the malefactors. The deserters and smugglers, one should suppose, would have been overjoyed at this separation. By no means—their grief was inexpressible.

All the galley-slaves in reality look upon one another as in perfect equality; for misfortune, like death, levels all men. They form among themselves a body of unhappy beings, a society of feeble creatures overcome by the stronger. Far from blushing at, and palliating the atrociousness of their crimes, they actually boast of them : “ the enemy,” for instance, “ suffered much in such a case ; courage and address succeeded in another,” &c. &c.

Thus

Thus the deserters, therefore, and the smugglers, do not despise in the least the malefactors; and by the intended separation they were likely to lose many advantages; one, for instance, would be deprived of his stout companion; another of the object, whose voice he was accustomed to hear, and whose looks he was pleased to meet; a third would lose the man, who mingled his sorrow with his, and so of the rest. At the approach of such a parting bitter tears, tears from their hearts, began to flow; grief was painted on every countenance. The *intendant* of the marine has allowed several of them to live together, chained at the same oar. — Reflect on this, and search these newly discovered qualities of the human heart!

LETTER IV.

NICE.

THIS city stands upon an amphitheatre of rocks bending a little over the sea. It is surrounded by mountains gradually descending, and presenting to the admiring stranger delightful country seats, shaded by olive and mulberry-trees, together with fruitful plants of every kind, but chiefly those that produce citrons, oranges, and lemons. They are the riches, indeed, the greatest riches, of the country. There are some proprietors of these treasures, who gather every year upwards of 300,000 oranges, and 150,000 lemons. The country, in short, abounds (as the inhabitants remark themselves) in sournes (*en aigrure*).

En aigrure ! what means this four and barbarous word ? This word owes its origin at Nice, to that avarice, on account of which beauty itself is nothing ; and to that constant habit, which makes every object cease to be charming ; they give this name to those beautiful

ous apples of the Hesperides, which made Hypomenes obtain the victory in the race with Atalanta.

The country-houses about Nice are chiefly inhabited by English, French, and Germans; each may be called a colony. From every part of Europe people crowd to Nice to avoid the severity of winter. This climate, during that season, is a kind of hot-house for delicate constitutions.

Winter hardly reigns two months at Nice, and is never severe. A north wind, however, in the course of the year, blows now and then from the tops of the mountains, and is rather troublesome in the spring, in autumn, and even in summer.

M. Thomas has gained here, four or five hours of life a day, I mean in point of study and thought. He labours too anxiously for glory; he has been working these thirty years, night and day, for a statue.

I have seen some sensible, nay charming, English ladies: at their arrival they were dying,
but

but have *re-blossomed* in the air of Nice. *Winkelman*, so severe, and so unjust, to the complexion and features of the English fair, would have certainly some indulgence for the countenance of Mrs. B. For, it must be owned, that Mrs. B. has a lovely assemblage of the roses of France with the lilies of England; all the interest of her country women, with all the charms of our beauties. She makes one forget almost all the rest of her sex; the charming Mrs. B. has made me forget Nice.

LETTER

LETTER V.

NICE.

I WAS conducted yesterday into the darkest street in the town; they made me enter the meanest house, and mount to the very fifth story; there I found a short man, but indifferently dressed in a grey suit and bag-wig, about fifty years old. This was the *Comte de —*, chief president of the senate of Nice. He is full of life, quick at repartee, very active, and seems to have a sufficient share of wit and knowledge. The following is a convincing proof of it. He admires Montesquieu, and really looks upon the legislation of his own country as bad. Are there many magistrates, in certain countries of Europe, who are ingenuous enough to allow so much? The police is in the hands of the military: the consul of France approves very much, and the vice-consul disapproves very much, such unlimited power: the first is consul, the second only vice-consul. The Archbishop has the inspection of the press, and of all printed books. You may judge of the freedom of literature,

ature, when I tell you, that even Boileau's Works cannot be publicly sold.

Morals are entirely neglected at Nice; there is very little religion, but a great deal of devotion, that is, of hypocrisy. We were to have set out this morning for Genoa, but some snow falling in the night, the wind changed to the contrary point, and we were obliged to stay.

Our disappointment was amply repaid by the pleasure of dining and spending the day with *M. Thomas*. Our dinner was too soon over. *M. Thomas* was extremely agreeable. We, first of all, analyzed all our *beaux esprits*, all our reputations, and all those brains, who *think*, or fancy that they think. At the desert, we spoke about Italy, about women, and about the spring. *M. Thomas* had forgotten posterity for a moment. He made an apology for the snow that had fallen in the night. It was an accident that happened in the climate of Nice, to which it is by no means subject. The conversation in general was extremely gay. Some agreeable anecdotes were well told; we laughed, we drank, and felt some regret at parting.

We

We dined with a certain *M. de R.* who spends all his winters at Nice, and the remainder of the year in other parts of Europe. He is afflicted with a terrible asthmatic disorder, which Nice, however, has somewhat alleviated. I have been really affected at his breast, as *Mademoiselle de Sevigné* forcibly expresses it. Proper researches have not yet been made about sympathetic and antipathetic affections, which approach or repel all sensible beings, and impart pleasure and pain to each other.—*Smith* has opened the mine, but went not very deep: he did not feel as I did, the asthma of *M. de R.*

M. de R. did not seem to me at first a man of wit, but, in the course of conversation, his soul began to expand itself; he displayed then a great variety of genuine wit. Thus, often at sea, when no wind blows from the shore, some may be found at a certain distance.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

MONACO.

BEHOLD us at sea, and following the coast, or rather those mountains and rocks that border, and render so unbecomingly rugged, the magnificent regions of Italy! Behold the principality of Monaco! As we should despise nothing upon earth, we must go and pay a visit to it. We landed in the port, which contained three fishermens' barges, and a Dutch vessel: two or three streets on a perpendicular rock; eight hundred wretches all starving; a dismantled castle; a battalion of French troops; some orange plants, some olive and mulberry-trees scattered on a few acres of ground thinly spread here and there upon rocks. Such is *à peu près* the condition of Monaco! Its misery is extreme. The commandant of the French battalion, who has been there these twenty months, could hardly repress tears of joy on seeing us. "Had I a fowl to offer to you, said he, I should fall on my knees to entreat you to eat it with me."

The

The sovereign of Monaco has a court: his guards consist of about twenty country fellows, and four tradesmen, who are his gentlemen of the bed-chamber. Every time the prince visits Monaco, before he enters his palace, he repairs, accompanied by his court and his subjects, to a little chapel, to thank the Almighty for his safe arrival. There are some inscriptions in the prince's palace. Over a gate, which has really the appearance of the gateway of an inn, you read these pompous words: *Crypto, porticum hanc etsi tot regum, imperatorum et summorum pontificum ingressu decoratam, tamen tantæ molis vastitate angustam ampliavit, illustravit, exornavit anno salutis 1623.*

What nobler inscription could be written over the arch of the capitol! On entering Monaco, we were obliged to give our names to a man we found in a shop, just finishing the new soling of one of his shoes—this was the commandant of the port—but the prince of Monaco is a good sovereign: he is beloved by his subjects, and it is not his fault that his dominion is not large.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

GENOA.

I HAVE just left the palaces *Brignolet*, *Será*, and *Chiagera*. I am astonished, dazzled, enraptured!—I don't know what I am—My eyes are full of gold, of marble, of crystal, of porphyry, of basalt, of alabaster. They still range over columns, pilasters, capitals, and ornaments of all kinds, of all forms, of all orders; Ionic, Doric, Corinthian, &c. I have a thousand pictures, scattered by pieces, in my mind. Heads, hands and feet, bodies and corpses, old men, and young girls, Venuses and Madonas; all are still standing before me! Behold those tears of sorrow on the lids of that venerable old man! Look at the enchanting smile, that opens on the sweet lips of that charming girl, who is but fifteen!—that, I presume, is her first smile.

However, amidst the wreck of so many pictures, there are some that are quite entire. One of Paul Veronese—Judith has just struck

off

off Holofernes' head. A black woman accompanies her, who forms a wonderful contrast to Judith. Nature struggles with fanaticism on the countenance of the heroine, and in all her attitudes she dares not look at the head she holds trembling in her hand. The maid, unsupported by fanaticism, shudders with horror at the sight of the head, and at the thought of the crime. Death spreads his sable mantle over the warrior. Our eyes will be better pleased in the assumption of Guido Reni. What a Madonna! what angels!—they are real ones; and that is certainly the way to mount to heaven! In the midst of air, angels in a choir, each more beautiful than the other, gracefully join their hands. Without any difficulty, without any effort, they follow the virgin towards the heavenly mansion, with the same ease as we weak mortals could precipitate ourselves towards the earth. What a purity on that divine forehead! Her radiant looks, moist with drops of celestial bliss, pierce already the heavens, and repose in the bosom of God, who is waiting for her. Among these angels, in every degree of youth, there are some who are so little, that the others tender their hands to

them to enable them to follow the virgin. Some are smiling at her, and some at one another. And in fact, what a conquest for them! Their love will still increase, if possible. The imagination, that conceived this picture, must have been truly angelic!

But who is that woman stretched upon a couch? Her veil is only that of death. Death is already in her feet, in her legs—he coldly creeps into her arms. The few remaining traces of beauty, love, and grief, are vanishing from her pallid countenance—it is Cleopatra. Thus the bewitching and irresistible charms, that had long captivated Mark Anthony's heart, and even seduced for a moment Cæsar himself—those charms that had caused almost as much noise and devastation in the universe, as the Roman arms themselves—behold them! they are no more! and soon they will be no longer called Cleopatra, but a corpse!

There are still extant, and entire, a Christ shewing the incredulous Thomas his wound, and making him feel it. A Lazarus rising from the dead. A Jacob, to whom is brought
the

the shirt stained with the blood of Joseph. There are no expressions in any language strong enough to describe them. I really want repose, and wish for Morpheus to close my eyes: they are fatigued with admiring.

C 2 LETTER

LETTER VIII.

GENOA.

'TIS now six o'clock in the morning. My fancy awakes in the gallery of the *Sera* palace, or rather in the Sun's palace. I keep my eyes still close—No idea can be given of the magnificence of such a gallery—Such as nature is, when viewed through a prism, such is the *Sera* gallery. What glasses! what floors! what columns! what a quantity of gold, of lapis lazuli, of porphyry, of marble! The only proper name for all these wonders is magnificence.

If you have a mind to see the finest street in the universe, you must see the new street at Genoa. On two very extensive lines, and on a pavement of lava, a vast number of palaces, vying with each other in point of riches, elevation, and size, display with emulation their porticos, their facades, and their brilliant peristyles of variegated stucco, or simply white
and

and black. The exterior appearance of these palaces forms a picture in itself.

The houses in Genoa are very high, and the streets very narrow. The sun never appears in them. One would be apt to think, that Genoa was built but for one season—that Genoa, in short, is but a summer town.

The proprietors of these superb buildings, for the most part noblemen and senators, are not sensible of the beauties they possess; they only know them by the admiration of foreigners, and the renown they have spread through the world. By the side of these galleries, and in the galleries themselves, where Titian's, Vandyke's, Rubens', and Veronese's pencils have displayed their charms, the Genoese noblemen admit the most ignorant productions. Instead of inhabiting those rich apartments, they live in the attic story; they are but the keepers of their palaces. Those marble porticos, those marble peristyles, and those marble gates, are daily beset by a crowd of dirty beggars, who come to kill on the granite and porphyry pavement, so curiously wrought, the vermin that devour them.

I have just seen the doge's palace, where the senate assemble, and whence they breathe over 500,000 subjects the spirit of their government, of their laws, and of their policy, that is to say, of their avarice. On entering the court the eye is quite astonished. The facade, adorned with marble pillars and statues, enchants the beholder. The most elegant architecture prevails in the little council-chamber; in that of the great council, the architecture is truly magnificent. At proper intervals between the columns, which are very numerous, are placed the statues of the great men of the republic receiving from those, who pass before them, as a reward for their merit or fortune, the tribute of posterity—a remembrance, and a look. Amidst these great men we saw Marshal de Richelieu.

A terrible fire destroyed these monuments in 1773, with great variety of pictures by the greatest masters. They have rebuilt the edifice, it is true, but the pictures they could not. Statuaries and architects are still to be found, but no painters.

I saw

I saw another beautiful palace after quitting the doge's. I traversed a long colonade; I walked over marble of all colours; a noble gate was open to receive us, and I found myself in an hospital. This hospital contains twelve hundred patients, distributed in different wards. There lie the women, and here the men; there wounds are dressed—here they attend to fevers. Methought I saw death wandering among twelve hundred devoted victims, and wielding at random, on all sides, his invisible faulchion. One of the unhappy sufferers expired before me. The patients beds are surrounded by their affected relations and friends, who try to comfort them and assuage their pains. A mother sits beside her daughter, a husband beside his wife; in this hospital at least, some tender and endearing hands may close the dying eyes.

Admirable order reigns all over this charitable institution; a perfect cleanliness, and constant care, contribute very much to the recovery of the patients. The statues of all the benefactors to this hospital are set up in the different rooms. All grateful hearts may,

in this manner, the moment their strength permits them, bathe, with tears of heartfelt joy, that sweetly flow, the venerable images of their household gods. It was with reluctance I quitted these mansions of sorrow!

LETTER

LETTER IX.

GENOA.

I HAVE been to see what they call at Genoa the free port (*il porto franco*)—It is a noble wharf, where all the articles of merchandize are landed, that arrive at Genoa by sea. You see some of all sorts, and one by the side of another—barrels of sugar are lying next those of verdigrise; marble is close to coffee, timber to linen; the productions of Asia to the commodities of the North. The affluence is prodigious, and the whole is in continual motion, with an activity that beggars all description. Two collectors of the public revenue are successively applying custom-house stamps to every article, and to every bale. These gold engines draw one ten per cent. on all goods that remain at Genoa; the other, three per cent. on those for exportation. The transport, and all other necessary operations, are performed by stout men of Bergamo, who come from their country on purpose to exercise the lucrative trade of probity, address, and strength.

Quitting the port, I went to visit St. George's bank: It is there, where, under a hundred keys, is buried that grand and terrible enigma, whether the bank possesses, or owes, millions. This enigma is the prosperity of the state, and partly its riches.

How! There is at Genoa but a general bakehouse, and public-house, under the authority and direction of the senate! Yes—the republic does not suffer any individuals to sell bread, wine, wood, or oil. But, no doubt, the republic sells these articles at the lowest price, and of the best quality, to prevent all sorts of complaints?—By no means; on the contrary, they are sold at the highest price, and of the worst quality, without any regard to complaints or murmurs.—But how can the subjects then bear such a monopoly?—They beg, they steal, they go to the hospital, they murder, they suffer.—But, after all, how do they put up with such oppression?—The measure of oppression, that man can bear, is not yet arrived at its height. The people cannot revolt when they please: the water that fills a vessel does not run over, but a *drop too much* will

will make it do so. It is then sufficient for the aristocratic power to prevent this *drop*. They sacrifice, therefore, part of their authority to their avarice; the greatest part of their regulations are seldom executed, three quarters of the crimes are left unpunished, and the silence of those, who loudly complain, is fairly bought. It is thought, however, that the *drop too much* is inevitable: the people's patience is almost exhausted. But the Genoese nobility care little about it: the great point with them is to be rich. For this reason many of them are seen refusing a place in the senate, when chance offers it to them, and soliciting, on the contrary, the least lucrative charge in the administration of the bank, or of the hospitals, when chance happens to contest it. The noblemen want the most powerful interest, a love for their country, to engage them to form a good government, and, properly speaking, they have no country at all. They actually are but merchants.

I have been to see the public oven, and the grand edifice constructed for making bread. It is immense. On this side are the loaves for
the

the rich; on the other, those for the poor—and the poor are the greatest number. The poor are every where a middle species between the rich and the brute creation—nay, they approach much nearer the latter. I had a mind to taste the bread destined for the poor.—The beasts are happier!

On leaving this place, I felt a certain impression, which obliterated in a moment all the beauties and riches of the Durazzo-palace.

Ah! how luxury and magnificence sicken on the sight, after having viewed the sad condition of the wretched!

LETTER

LETTER X.

GENOA.

I HAVE paid a second visit to the Durazzo-palace. Among the multitude of pictures that are generally admired, four only remained in my imagination. One of them is an old man by Rembrandt. It is admirable for the truth, the effect, and the intelligence of the *chiar' oscuro*. I was tempted to speak to him. Had Paul Veronese seen the Magdalen throwing herself at the feet of Christ, Jesus must have been in that attitude, must have had that noble, that indulgent air; that air, in short, so susceptible of tender impressions! The Magdalen, how beautiful! How affecting! and in reality how affected!—What expression in all the features of the characters!—How masterly the light falls all in one point, whence it distributes its rays wherever it is required! On the very surface of the canvas the air appears visible!

I

Most

Most painters are versifiers, but few are poets. Tasso was a poet, when he shewed us Olindo and Sophronia tied at the same stake, waiting for the kindling of the funeral pile. But what meant this painter, who intended to copy Tasso?—I do not hear the plaints of Olindo, nor the resignation of Sophronia; the people are not moved; the tyrant is not furious enough—I peruse the Jerusalem again. There they are!—There's the true Sophronia! Hark! she speaks—she says to the unhappy Olindo, “Why dost thou complain, my friend? look at the sky, how beautiful it is!—Look at the sun, that seems to invite us to the heavenly mansions!—’Tis he, my friend, who comforts us!” I hear nothing of that in looking at the picture.—It has no tongue.

• LETTER

LETTER XI.

GENOA.

I MAY really say I have been present at the death of Seneca, in seeing a picture where he is represented dying. Seneca is in the midst of the awful scene, half naked, as a man who has no longer occasion to protect his body from the inclemency of the elements, to which he is soon going to relinquish it. His feet are in the bath, and the blood streams in copious rills. At some distance from this great philosopher, and a little lower, a secretary is seen on the right hand, who had been writing, but writes no more; and on the left two other secretaries, who also had been writing, but who write no longer. On the same line, and as high as Seneca, in a corner, and in the shade, the man I perceive is a soldier. In the opposite corner, but in the light, the other man I see is an old senator. Look now at the scene!—The philosopher is occupied in dictating the ideas, that occur to his imagination while he is waiting for death.

death. Lo! death suspends them!—The arm is frozen, the blood no longer flows from the feet. The body stiffens, the head totters, and that look, which seemed to conceive a thought, in vain attempts to seize it.—It vanishes away. The three secretaries, all with different shades of interest, attention, and inquietude, each a pen in his hand, keep their eyes fixed on the philosopher's lips, which are still attempting to articulate a word.—They are still in hopes that another muscular motion will utter it: but death has stamped his seal upon it. Mean time the centurion, quite close to the door, his foot already uplifted, counts impatiently the last sighs of the victim—for Nero waits. And the old senator, what does he? He thinks of Nero, and meditates on the philosopher's death.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

GENOA.

I HAVE been visiting this morning the galleys. Five kinds of wretched beings are chained promiscuously to the oar; the malefactors, the smugglers, the deserters, the Turks taken by the corsairs, and the volunteers—What! volunteer galley slaves! yes; they are poor, miserable creatures, whom government finds in the dreadful situation between famine and death. It is at this narrow passage that government awaits them, watching the favourable opportunity to engage them. These poor wretches, at the dazzling sight of a little money, perceive no longer the galleys: they are enlisted. Misery and crimes bound beside one another, bearing the same chain! The man who serves the republic, partaking the same punishment, as he who has betrayed her!

The Genoese carry their barbarity still farther: when they perceive the period for liberating

berating these poor creatures approaching, they propose to lend them some money. The unhappy greedily embrace the means of enjoyment; the present instant alone is considered by them: they accept the offer, and at a week's end, what is left for them?—Regret and fetters! for at the end of that time, they are forced, in order to discharge their debts, to enlist again, and sell eight years more of their existence. This is the way these volunteers consume, in enlisting and borrowing—in borrowing and enlisting—their whole life at the galleys, in the highest degree of misery and infamy; and there they expire. We saw amongst them a Frenchman, quite a young man. In relating his unhappy case, he shed some tears. We gave him a trifle—he wept still more.—Away from these sad mansions of sorrow, where we cannot alleviate the misfortunes we so heartily pity! Alas! how painful the abode, where compassion itself becomes useless!

But what sort of prison is that in a corner?
How dark! how damp! how low! and yet
divided by an upper shelf! Pray who are those,
said

said I to my guide, thus cooped up, and lying one on the floor, and the other on the shelf? They can scarcely crawl. The long, bristly hair that covers their ghastly countenances, I see from under their coverings! Their looks combine at once stupidity and ferociousness!—Do they eat but of this bread, so hard and so black?—Certainly!—Is this muddy water their only drink?—No doubt.—Are they always lying down?—Yes.—How long have they been here?—These twenty years.—How old are they?—Seventy.—What do they call them?—Turks. These unhappy Turks are totally degraded from the state of human nature: they are only sensible to corporal wants; they have lost by degrees, in that kind of tomb, the small number of ideas, and dear remembrances, they brought hither with them, from nature and their country. The other Turks, who are not yet sixty years old, are chained under small open niches, at six feet distance from one another, against a long wall, that can hardly hold them, seated or lying. It is there they breathe the little air allowed them, or rather the little air they can steal now and then. The Genoese, however,

ever, notwithstanding the great severity with which they treat their enemies, have given an example of toleration, one would not have expected from them: they have granted a mosque to the Turks. The Protestants in France have no temples.

To the portrait I have drawn of the galleys, another sad *trait* may be added—I have seen felling in them, from bench to bench, the offals and other aliments that the dogs had left in the streets. Such remnants have been coveted, disputed for, and even stolen by those unhappy wretches, the galley-slaves!—O Genoa, thy palaces, are not yet lofty enough, they are not sufficiently extended, nor sufficiently numerous and splendid!—thy galleys are seen!

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

GENOA.

THIS letter will be the subject of the conversation I had with the ex-doge Lomellini. He is a very amiable and respectable old man. He has travelled and read so much, and learned to know, in the different posts in which he has served this republic, so many different characters prone to passion, interest, and weakness, that he is no longer a nobleman, nor an ex-doge, nor a senator, nor a Genoese—he is a *man*.

All the moments M. Lomellini can spare from glory, he devotes to nature, in his charming gardens of Poggi. His days glide gently on the turf, as the water that refreshes it falls, night and day, from his beautiful fountains.

M. Lomellini welcomes all strangers, who go to pay him a visit at Poggi—those even who go only to visit the gardens.—His soul,
his

his heart, his gardens—every thing is open, and free with him. His manners are simple and noble—they are the manners of one who has always shone in an elevated station, and never rose above it. His reception is always accompanied with the greatest ease, his reputation inspires a kind of confidence in you—You enter immediately into conversation with him, and it is generally such as you wish it, and always as you please to make it. None ever knew so well how to forget himself, and pay attention to others. M. Lomellini prefers, however, to speak on the arts, the sciences, and the *belles lettres*, which he has cultivated all his life time; and which, after having contributed to his glory, have often been of great comfort to him. His imagination and his ear are full of the finest paintings, and the most charming airs, that poetry has composed in all languages. Some quotations, that naturally rise—some witty *traits*, that naturally fly—some reflections that appear charming, and are apposite, deep, and just, incessantly embellish his conversation, amidst the thoughts of old age.

M. Lo-

M. Lomellini may be contradicted; his opinion may be thwarted, but never his self-love. He never despises other people's sentiments; for, when he no longer doubts of his own judgment, he still has his doubts of the human mind.

You may freely ask him any question you please. All that he has learned, he remembers; all that he remembers he communicates; and liberally displays, but without the least ostentation, the fair image of truth to all mankind.

M. Lomellini is always the same in the country or in town, in the senate, whenever a law is enacting, and in the groves, when they are planting a shrub. The gardens at Poggi are delightful. They are far from resembling those symmetric gardens, that pride has dictated, and architecture arranged; those gardens, in which, under the monotonous and severe empire of the sheers, the rake, the right line and the rule, each plat-band offers but a flower; each alley contains but a tree, and each interval resembles a high road, where the whole represents but an uniform and preposterous mass; those gardens, where the waters,
confined

confined in basons, are condemned to lie dormant, and be eternally silent; those gardens, in short, which, however extensive, seem to have been contrived only for the purpose of a *coup d'oeil*, a walk of an hundred yards and an hour. M. Lomellini, on the contrary, has adorned these gardens with all that masterly skill, and the love of beautiful nature, can do, in order to charm at once the eye, the mind, and the heart with turf, earth, water, and flowers; adding to it the different aspects of the sun, and all the bewitching shades of verdure. These delicious gardens present, or rather conceal, an inclosure of no great extent, always supplying you with sufficient space for your walk, new objects to your eye and constant meditation to your mind. In this, rather narrow, compass, there is not a flower but what blushes, not a drop of water that does not murmur and flow, not a tree that does not appear, and not a single one that stares before you. Yonder a cottage, a little nearer a grotto, and a little farther a flock: a thousand objects, artfully disposed, present themselves, as if by chance, to you. You fancy you are continually enjoying the pleasures of the country, and you are still in a garden. You are continually walking in them.

It

It is true, that the verdure of these gardens is partly composed of those solemn and gloomy trees, which the other seasons seem to have refused to produce, and to have left them for winter; pines, cypresses, green-oaks, and larch-trees; but these winter-trees are so happily married to the most blooming shrubs of the spring, to the richest fruit-bearing trees of autumn, and to the most luxuriant plants of the summer; that their melancholy verdure, rendered gay by the proximity and alliance of more pleasing vegetation, ceases to sadden the mind, and to repel the sight. The verdure of these gardens is not unlike M. Lomellini's conversation, where the thoughts and sentiments of old age are predominant; but the references to other ages, introduced so *à-propos*, enliven it at intervals, and render it still more agreeable.

It is M. Lomellini himself who has created these gardens. It is here, in this charming retreat, that M. Lomellini has at last retired into himself. He had the rare courage, as he approached old age, to dismiss all his passions, nay even the love of glory—he has only retained the love of humanity. He is surrounded

at times in his palace by some countrymen, who enter it with visible marks of sorrow, and quit it with evident marks of contentment on their countenances; at other times wandering over the lawns, amidst the concert of his birds, through the sacred silence of his woods, or by the murmuring rill, and limpid fountains, he enjoys the sweets of a spring morning, or the calmness of a summer evening. In winter he seizes the best hour he can of fine weather for a walk. Often again, in the middle of a grove, seated alone, and retired into his own neat and compact temple of marble, he is pleased to contemplate at a distance, across the columns, and through the leaves of his tufty trees, the boisterous sea, tormented by the storm, and the senate of Genoa by ambition.—It is the evening of a wise man's life.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

GENOA.

WHAT a spectacle does the magnificent hospital of incurables exhibit to the philosopher and man of susceptibility! In what respect?—None of the nine hundred wretches stretched, or rather chained, in these beds of sorrow, will ever recover health!—These old men will still grow older in misery, and these children will suffer for ever!—I could not go through the extent and silence of this mansion of grief without shuddering at every step I took. From the end of one room to the other I could have heard the least motion, and distinguished a sigh. It is hardly possible for the eye to run over the crowded multitude of all disorders, affecting both sexes of every age, without dropping the tear of humanity on these unhappy victims of disease. By the side of the unfortunate, who have lost their health, the unfortunate are seen who have lost their reason. Thus we find, in the same place, all the miseries of human kind.

They say this hospital is worse managed than any of the others ; the reason is, no doubt, because the evils it contains are eternal, and compassion inconstant. Pity itself seems to be fond of what is new. The human heart is fickle—What have I just heard ? What do I see ?—the doge and the senate are to visit this hospital on Sunday next : the servants are all busy in making the necessary preparations ; they are ornamenting all these beds, perfuming all these galleries, and decorating all the walls. What a collusion they are preparing ! In this manner is shewn to monarchs who travel, the state of their own kingdoms.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

GENOA.

O THE charming picture!—in the middle of a valley, surrounded by rocky hills, covered with verdant shrubs, are represented on the border of a fountain, seated at the foot of a willow (it is the summer season, and in the evening), a shepherd and two shepherdesses. The shepherd is playing on the flute; one of the shepherdesses holding a rose in her hand, looks at the shepherd, and listens: she is already stretching her hand to present him the flower. The impatience she expresses for the shepherd to finish, that she may give him the rose; and the desire she feels for his continuing, that she may still hear the sweet notes of his flute, are visibly contending in her looks. During this struggle, her companion, a little younger, does not look at the shepherd, nor does she listen—her eye is fixed on the fountain—she is musing—A little farther a group of little children are playing with some lambs, and entwining them with flowers. Is not this one of Ges-

ner's Idyls? It is in the temple of Gnidus, and not in one of the Genoa palaces that this picture should be admired. Montesquieu should have copied and inserted it in his *Temple of Gnidus*. This picture is the production of *Albano*.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

GENOA.

THE inhabitants of Genoa may be ranked in three classes. The noblemen, who are about 2000; the citizens, the tradesmen, the lawyers, the physicians, the priests, &c. that compose the bulk of population; and at last the poor, who are reckoned the dregs of it. Formerly there were at Genoa different orders of nobility: this distinction wears out by degrees. Nobility, that is to say, its privileges may be bought. The name of the candidate is inserted in a register, called the Golden Book (*Libro d'oro*) in consideration of the sum of about 10,000 livres (about 416*l.*) The old nobility have been obliged, for their own safety, to submit to this sacrifice. They had rather draw into the class of noblemen, where they can continue to despise, and cease to fear them, the citizens who have enriched themselves, than leave them any longer among the people, where it is no longer possible to despise them, and where they

begin to look upon them as formidable. The Genoese are so fond, and have so high an opinion of gold, of which they dread so much the effects, that they do not grant the charter of nobility to their secretaries of state, as a reward for their services, but in consideration of their having accumulated a fortune. Some of them have been seen at Genoa, virtuous enough to retire very poor. Virtue shines in every station. The noblemen are immensely rich; there are some of them who have a million of livres a year. Their pomp and luxury consist in footmen, horses, and monks; this is all their pride. Some are very charitable, but it is to beggars. They give so *mal-à-propos*, that the state is impoverished by their gifts. They make beggary flourish. There is not a beggar at Genoa, who is not certain of getting a plentiful meal every day. A tradesman is not so sure. The sovereign power is almost reduced to impotency. The pecuniary resources, or the taxes, do not exceed 2,800,000 livres. What remains of this sum unappropriated, to the wants of the state, after having gone through innumerable hands, is placed in the treasury, and is but trifling

trifling. The military forces do not amount to two thousand men. No proper account can be given of the fortifications, or the galleys. The public opinion, that invisible power, which often supplies all other, and sooner or later will triumph, is of no consequence in this country. The heart has ceased to obey. What a legislation! The nobles have created almost all the laws. The greatest part of the code is, in many respects, but a list of privileges. The military forces I have just mentioned, are as ill governed as they are weak. The general has the command of his troops but three months, and commands with his *hair flowing behind, a short mantle, and a black suit of cloaths*. The legislative power is too much divided: it remains too short a time in the same hands, and the concurrence of too many is required for executing it. The state has too many heads to have a real one. The laws in the senate are almost always premature: they are very rarely the fruit of mature deliberation, which is necessary to ripen them. The moment the outlines of them are formed, they are thrown into an urn, and it is the hand of chance that draws them.—Chance then is the real legislator.

The doge has no distinct power except that of having such propositions as he thinks proper, debated; a power considerable enough when he happens to be a man of abilities, but too great if he is not an honest man; for the doge has all the moments the senate lies dormant, and the seniors are almost always asleep. The doge remains two years in his office, during which time he cannot quit his palace but by a public order, viz. a decree. The chief of this republic is treated like a prisoner. At the expiration of two years he is obliged to go to his own house, there to remain for ten days under a strict guard: any citizen may, within those ten days, indict him; the council of the supreme magistrates examine his conduct—a very wise institution, but reduced now to a mere ceremony! I forgot to mention the loss of time occasioned by the formalities attending the opening of every meeting of the senate. A secretary of state begins by reading a sermon; a clerk then never ceases crying out *veniant jurare* (let them come to swear) for the space of two hours. The noblemen are so careless about public affairs, that often, in order to obtain
the

the number necessary for the validity of a deliberation, they are obliged to compel the members to attend by inflicting fines—as if they were summoning people to hard statute-labour.

LETTER XVII.

GENOA.

THE judiciary power is as badly administered as the rest ; appeals are innumerable, and the tribunals very oddly composed. The first judges are foreigners ; the sovereign judges national. The judgments of the senate are brought to a tribunal called *the supremes*. The hall where the petty council sit, and the audiences are public, contains no more than two hundred persons. That of the great council, where the secret audiences are held, contains two thousand. The lawyers concerned in the causes, have all the books, they think may be necessary in pleading, brought before the tribunal in baskets, and they read the text, whenever they please. Such a display of books is quite ridiculous ; it prolongs very much the usual time of pleading ; which is longer here than elsewhere, both on account of a profession generally accompanied with a profusion of speech, and of a language in which the

the words flow so naturally. The lawyers plead seated; an unfavourable posture for the advantageous motions of eloquence. Some of the counsel however do not pay very great regard to eloquence; of the two I heard, one spoke tolerable Italian; the other a kind of jargon. Five judges were round a table, with the president in the middle. At noon they got up; the audience fell on their knees; the lawyers themselves kept silence, and the *Angelus*, a kind of noon-day prayer, was loudly recited. Some of the judges went out for a moment, and then returned: the lawyers continued their pleading; for you might as well attempt, except during the *Angelus*, to stop the hours, as to stop their vociferation.

The usual way of voting is by black and white balls. This form of judging protracts the sentence prodigiously, and covers many acts of injustice. I have said that the civil laws are very imperfect; this is a striking proof of it. Neither the parties nor the witnesses sign the acts that pass before the notaries, so that the latter are masters of all the agreements and conventions. The change brokers are still more so; they transact business even without witnesses; their word is a contract.

LETTER XVIII.

GENOA.

THE motives for having passed criminal sentences, are published at Genoa; the senate have the privilege of pardoning, and seldom fail to use it for the purpose of pleasing the people, who dignify impunity with the name of liberty; as the nobility likewise call their oppression liberty. Allowing these two species of freedom, the people and the nobles are nearly on a par. Causes for pardon are pleaded, and in general for all criminal affairs. Sentence of death is very uncommon; but two persons have been executed within these six years, and the death of one of them was really demanded by the general voice. The senators made the people force them to it: they were attacked on all sides with libels, and lampoons, for the space of two months. They condemned him at last, yet the delinquent had like to have made his escape: those who led him to the gallows suffered him to run away,

but

but the populace pursued him, and compelled the officers of justice to lead him to punishment—he had committed ten murders!

On entering the town of Genoa you see fixed in the wall some defamatory stones. They contain the condemnation of certain criminals; and devote them for ever to the public execration. By monuments of infamy and by statues, many virtues might be promoted, and many vices eradicated. It would be the means of erecting a standard of public morals.

The Genoese are revengeful; but this vindictive spirit is owing to the difficulty of the people's obtaining justice, either against the nobility, on account of their power; or against their equals, on account of the noblemen's protection. The number of murders is thus easily accounted for, and their motive, as well as the general impunity, is justified. Most of the murders are not crimes, but justice, which must take place by some means or other. Every nation has begun with this criminal justice: duelling is both a remaining custom and a proof of it.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

GENOA.

THE power of administration goes through so many hands, and so quickly, that there is no knowing, in case of necessity, where to apply: all orders inroad upon, counteract, and destroy one another. Alas! what an administration? It is customary for the senate to ask permission of the clergy to eat meat in Lent. This year, the nobility, whose privilege it is to solicit that liberty, had much salt fish to dispose of, the senate therefore did not solicit it; the republic has kept lent, and the noblemen have sold their salt fish. A series of curious facts, not unlike this, have inspired the people with so great a detestation of the nobility, that the most cordial imprecations have been recently heard against the republic, that is, against the nobles.

The decline of morals, arts, and sciences, is no longer doubtful in this republic. There are

no longer academies, statuaries, or painters : Instead of thirty thousand looms, there are now but twelve thousand—all is declining. There are, however, among the citizens some who have received a liberal education, and seem well instructed. I have seen in the hands of several Mr. Necker's *Administration of the Finances*. Whoever can read, has read this work ; whoever can think, esteems it ; and whoever feels, is enthusiastically charmed with the perusal of it. Of what importance his principles ! What depth in his reflections ! What precision in his ideas ! What a style !—It is the style of great writers ; it breathes a sacred zeal for the happiness of mankind, which is the very soul, nay, I had almost said, the divinity of the whole work. Such a production may furnish excellent springs for the administration of all the governments of Europe. Envy may bite in vain the statue of a Necker—it is made of bronze.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

GENOA.

CICISBEISM deserves to be particularly taken notice of. It is more in fashion at Genoa than in any other place. But what is in appearance a Cicisbeo? What is he in reality? How does a woman make use of him? On what footing does the man wish to be who is in that capacity? How do the husbands suffer such a custom? Is the Cicisbeo the husband's *locum tenens*? How far does he represent him? What is the origin of this custom? What causes support or alter it? What influence has it on the manners? Are there any traces, or any similitude of it, found in the manners of other nations?—Difficult questions indeed to resolve! But to end at once, in two words, so great a subject, I will say, that the Cicisbeo represents *à peu près*, at Genoa, *l'ami de la maison* (the friend of the family) at Paris.

Wives in this country have no domestic authority. The husband orders and pays. A priest,

priest, in many noble and rich families, is the house steward. I have seen one of them find fault with the breakfast a servant was carrying to a lady. The Genoese ladies are dressed without any taste; they confound expence with ornament, and ornament with elegance. They have not the least idea of suiting the head-dress to the features of the countenance, the colours to the complexion, and the quality of the stuff to the shape. There is not one of them that can cover a defect, enhance a charm, or disguise her age. They are all painted, even those who have the fairest complexions. White paint is as much in fashion at Genoa, as vermillion at Paris; red is as much in disrepute as white among us—a very odd contrast indeed!—but when one has not travelled—

The ladies have adopted a certain veil, which they call mezzaro; they may go alone wherever they please with this veil; and none can find fault with the custom. This veil, however, does not conceal their faces, but it conceals many intrigues. The manners of Genoa are divested of all those natural affections, which
are

are elsewhere the ornament, the happiness, and the virtue of society. No maternal tenderness, no filial fondness, no fraternal attachment—the family will have its heirs, its collateral branches—Nay, the lover does not exist in this country! the individual is but a man or a woman.

Games of hazard are publicly permitted at Genoa. It is not astonishing, that sovereigns, who dabble every morning on change in the public funds, should gamble every evening at cards in their assemblies. Notwithstanding this deep gaming, the Genoese are heartily tired of this manner of living. They never meet at a social dinner or supper. At their assemblies, or, as they call them, *conversazioni*, refreshments of all kinds are served to the company; the rooms are elegantly lighted, a quantity of money is won and lost, and Ciceronism goes on and prospers.

Superstition is carried to the highest pitch at Genoa. The foot paths are crowded with black priests and friars, and the streets sufficiently lighted by Madonnas, before whose images generally burns a candle or a lamp. This town

town offers the most singular contrasts. There is so much libertinism, that there are no public women of the town; there are so many priests, that there is no religion; so many people who govern, that there is no government; and so many alms distributed, that it swarms with poor.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

GENOA.

O WHAT a noble ! what a superb monument ! its mass, its elevation, its extent, its magnificence, astonish me ! it is called *P'Albergo de poveri*, the asylum for the poor. But how displeased am I with all these marble columns, marble pilasters, and marble ornaments ! each of these columns occupies the place of several men. Had they a mind to give, in this palace only, to the poor, the share that belongs to them in all the rest of the palaces ? The poor are properly lodged in this asylum, and by no means confined in a prison. They may all go out to-morrow if they please, the girls with a portion, the men with a trade. These charitable contributions require not the sacrifice of your liberty. In the immensity of this edifice, care has been taken to place the statues of all the benefactors, who were the founders, or the supporters, of this generous asylum. The former are represented sitting, the latter standing. An interesting

interesting and happy emblem! an ingenious distinction! I am vastly pleased, that the sensible souls, who lie concealed in this retreat, under the power of misery, may have it in their power to fix their grateful eyes on something, that offers to them a stronger object than a name—on images, on marble. Many were the causes that contributed to the foundation of this hospital and its revenues; vanity, religion, and compassion. The revenues are immense: they would be sufficient to keep four times the number of the poor generally contained in this hospital—but it has administrators.

I saw in its chapel a marble medallion representing a dead Jesus in the arms of his mother. It is a real Jesus—it is death himself; it is a mother; it is, in short, Michael Angelo's production!—Behold these statues that exhibit the assumption of the virgin! they are the production of a French artist, of Puget, who, in representing a miracle, has wrought one himself.

LETTER XXII.

GENOA.

THE churches at Genoa are not unlike superb theatres. It would be difficult to croud more gilding, more paintings, or marble ornaments in them. This pomp and luxury, how misplaced and lavished! The heart, in a temple, should find but God to engage its attention. All these pictures, all these statues, and all these ornaments, divert its attention. Between man and God nothing else should appear but what approximates them—the immensity that separates them. The middle of a vast and deep forest would be, in my opinion, the finest of all temples; the only ornaments in it should be a gloomy solemn light. It is there where the Gauls adored God, and it is there the exalted imagination feels him. The architecture of churches is, therefore, very improperly planned, when it exhibits, as at Genoa, elegant assembly rooms, or magnificent opera-houses. The cathedral, which is very

awful

awful and majestic, should be excepted ; and the church of Carignan likewise, on account of St. Sebastian's statue, the work of the inimitable Puget. The expression of his countenance is wonderful. Grief and anguish are struggling with the fervour of faith. How this marble suffers ! The barbarians !—they have had the cruelty to pierce with arrows so beautiful a body ! cruelly to torment a soul rapt in heavenly joy ! which seems only to wait for the moment that is to free it from those exquisite pangs, and then return to the celestial mansion. Behold another of Puget's statues ! it represents a bishop, whose name I know not. This too is very fine, but it is near that of St. Sebastian ; we admire it, but the heart was touched a moment before !

LETTER XXIII.

LUCCA.

I AWAKE in a town, in which, near two thousand years ago, Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus, tore the Roman universe into pieces, and divided it amongst them. After having entered into such a contract before four hundred thousand men, they certainly could not sleep so well as I did. Instead of the senate of Rome, I found that of Lucca, the whole *empire* of which is comprized in eight square leagues. About one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants contrive every year, in the best manner they can, to live during the whole twelve months, by abstinence from food half the year. This tree, planted in a fertile soil, but of small extent, has likewise the misfortune of having two hundred gluttonous branches, or two hundred noble families. The privilege of oppressing, on one side—the necessity of bearing oppression on the other, is what is styled *liberty* at Lucca, and in all other aristocracies,

cracies, or hundred-headed tyrannies. The word *libertas* is written in gold letters over the gates of the town, and at the corner of every street; and by so often repeating its name, the people really think they possess its substance.

The nobility have a grand festival every year in commemoration of *liberty*. But how is it possible that the people should believe they enjoy this liberty? How?—Do they not believe that this wooden crucifix, which they call *volto santo* (the holy image), decorated with crimson velvet slippers, on work-days, and gold-tissue ones on Sundays, took its flight, on a certain day, from St. Frediano's church, where in all probability he grew tired of living, and that he came to chuse his station in a chapel, in the middle of the cathedral?

I am indebted for several important details respecting Lucca to Count R—, one of the principal tyrants of this small republic. He has lived long in France, speaks very good French, chiefly to the handsome Theresa M——, who thinks *à l'Anglaise*, and speaks *à la Française*. She told me that, after having tasted

French literature, the Italian could not be endured.—Ah! Madam! Tasso—Ariosto—Ariosto and Tasso, replied Theresa, are poets of all countries, and their language is a language of their own—And Metastasio? did I subjoin; for surely your *tender* looks—I meant to say *pretty*; she understood me, and smiled—Metastasio, with all my heart, though it must be owned, that Metastasio exhibits but a few fine strokes of his pencil:—Racine, on the contrary, finishes his painting. Metastasio grazes the heart—Racine wounds it. Theresa M. makes pretty distinctions, and Theresa M. is pretty.

The Count introduced me the same evening to the principal conversation of the nobility of Lucca. A mortal irksomeness prevailed; the ladies were so sincere as to own it, but there was no necessity; the *ennui* was visible. A cruel law that has dared to infringe on the sacred privilege of their charms; that has deprived them of their elegant finery, condemns them to wear mourning almost all the year long. In carnival only they can wear coloured

coloured dresses, and then they are sure of changing every day—strange sumptuary laws!

I had the greatest difficulty in the world to procure the code of the Lucchese criminal laws. There are none to be had at the book-sellers: a lawyer sold me a copy of it, and pretends to have relinquished to me his own: I represented to some of the nobility, how odd it was that, in a republic, the necessary knowledge of the criminal laws could not be obtained: I was answered, that the republic supposes every body to know them.—“But give me leave to observe, gentlemen, that in a republic, the people should not only be supposed to know the laws, but they should know them in reality. In some monarchies, indeed, that might, in a certain manner, be excused, as the laws are sometimes precarious and ineffectual. Pray explain to me, M. le Comte, how the law excludes the natives from enjoying any places in judicature, and entrusts foreigners with them.”—“It is with an intent that the judges, by having no intimate connections with the citizens, may be more impartial.”——“Well, Sir, I will grant you, that strangers

cannot bring with them intimate connections with the citizens ; but can you prevent them from contracting some, sooner or later ? Besides, is not public opinion the best guardian of a judge's integrity ?"—“ Certainly, then, the public opinion must have less weight with strangers, who are changing place, than with citizens, who are settled in the country.”——“ The honour of every man is in his country.” “ What would you have us do ? It is the custom of Italy.”——“ Such a custom does not impress us with a favourable idea of the laws of Italy.”

Again, M. le Comte, “ Why are civil sentences, and not the criminal, subject to appeal ?”—“ This is an old custom. It was established in troublesome times after our civil wars. It was then necessary to over-awe the people, by holding the sword immediately over their heads.”——“ I do not doubt in the least, but that this law, as well as many others, was made, not for, but against, the people.—Three-fourths of the laws depend on the strength of arms ; the mildest laws are but fetters. But this time of trouble is over, M.

le Comte, why do you retain such a custom?"

"Because we are used to it: innovations are dangerous in republics."—"You are in the right; in a state where the top crushes the base, the least shake at the foundation is fatal to the summit."

Permit me, Sir, to ask you another question.—"By the effect of your indefinite entails, and your birth-rights, which preclude the youngest branches from all convenient marriages, the number of individuals among the nobility, and some whole families, must be insensibly diminishing."—"That is true."—"This inconveniency obliges you, in order to fill the different departments of the sovereign power, to call in the noblemen, the moment they arrive at majority."—"That is true."—"But why do you not reform so dangerous an abuse? You have no excuse for suffering it; your own interest is concerned in this case."—"Present interest will always prevail, you know, over future. We are men, before any thing else; we become citizens afterwards. Your reflections are just; they have often occurred to us, and it is certain, that

the class of nobility is very much reduced : we can scarcely form the number of one hundred and twenty, which is necessary to compose and exercise in full the sovereign power.”—“ But how can the younger brothers, who vote in the senate, suffer such oppressive laws ? ”—“ Brothers of a family have but a single vote in the senate among them ; and, in common, the eldest have a right to vote for ever.”—“ I conceive now, why you have at the same time so much divided the sovereign power, and so much confined it, that in the revolution of two months there remains none in any hands, and in that of two years it has gone through them all. You were afraid of one another ; but, perhaps, too much, and not enough, on the contrary, of the foreigners, and the people. You have modelled a government, as if you were to be always at war among yourselves, and always at peace with your neighbours.”—“ That may be ; but we are not, however, under the least apprehension.”—“ So much the worse : a republic is never less secure, than when she thinks she has nothing more to fear. But whence arises your security ? ”—“ The grand duke of Tuscany has confirmed all our privileges.”

leges:”—“And are you not apprehensive of a man, who can confirm your privileges! On the peoples side, I agree, you seem in greater security; they are poor; they buy their bread of you; you entertain them with frequent festivals and rejoicings; they believe in the holy image, and even in *liberty*; but you noblemen have little faith.”—“It is true that the nobility; in general, possess a good share of philosophy.”—“Yes, the philosophy of Machiavel; is it the custom likewise among you to put out the eyes of your slaves? Does your throne too stand on the foundation of the altar?”—“Provided it supports itself, no matter whether it stands on the sand, or on a rock.”—“Sir, were I to dive any deeper into your constitution, I might be taxed, not only with indiscretion, but with impertinence; let us change the subject, and talk of pictures.”—“With all my heart, we shall agree better upon that head, I dare say. Will you go and see mine? we will pay a visit afterwards to those of Count B.”

Count R. has a good collection, but that of Count B. is finer. The latter possesses a

sketch of the beautiful scene of Paul Veronese, the original of which is at Genoa. Ah! there I see a Corregio! The graces proclaim it.—'Tis a little child careffing a lamb. Scarcely does he touch it, his little hands seem to kiss it. Can one speak of other pictures, after having spoken of one of Corregio's? The Graces would never forgive me.—What else remains for me to say about Lucca?—One must enter the senate-house, only for the sake of saying I have seen the palace of the senate.

I saw at Lucca, in a bookseller's shop, a book with this title, *On the Advantages and Holiness of Virginity, proved by the Bible, and the Life of Children*; and on the senate's table, I found *Smith on the Wealth of Nations*. You may visit the Jacobines' library, and see books that will never be read.

The poor swarm at Lucca, and you are beset by beggars in the street, let M. de ——— say what he pleases to the contrary. The people are rather of a mild temper. But are they happy? for this is the end of all our researches,
and

and all our questions in a nation—How difficult to answer such a question! How difficult to define the people's happiness or unhappiness; and, above all, to ascertain its degree!—"In proportion to its population," replied once to me M. le Comte de R.——. "By this rule, added he, the people of Lucca must be happy. The population is actually such, in this republic, that the country cannot entirely provide for them."—Do you think then, Sir, that fathers, who cannot nourish their children; children, who are forced to fly from their mothers; and citizens exposed by their country, are happy?"—But you are sensible that population is the true thermometer for the prosperity of a state."—"I know, Sir, that this is the received opinion, pretended to be true, often repeated, and often printed: but perhaps on this subject we might argue as on all others; welfare and happiness may lie between the two. I am of opinion that within, or beyond, a certain number of souls, the unhappiness of a nation begins. Population should be considered in different points of view; as the cause and the effect of public prosperity, among great

and little nations ; in certain political situations ; at different periods of civilization ; and this has not yet been done, or attempted.—What is very certain is, that the Lucchese people are not happy.” “What do you think of liberty ?” said I, one day, to one of the people—“As very good for the nobles, Sir, but not for us.” Another remarked to me, “That fear was a motive at Lucca, far more powerful than love—*fa più qui il timore che l'amore*,” said he. A third made me observe, “That the nobility paid no turnpike taxes ; the officers dare not search their carriages.

Noblemen attend more to the affairs of government in this republic, than in that of Genoa. They have hardly, indeed, any other occupations to mind, or interests to pursue : that of commerce, they have not in the least ; besides, the smallness of their dominion is, at once, a safeguard, and a continual alarm to them. The senate of Lucca sat yesterday, from five in the evening till four in the morning.—What were they consulting, debating, and haranguing about, do you think ?——About giving a place to a serjeant.

There

There are not six hundred men in the garrison of Lucca: M. de ——— reckons six thousand. The Lucchese peasants kill one another for the merest trifle. An affront is atoned for by a stab. Disputes are soon at an end by means of such arguments. The neighbourhood of the mountains, the proximity of other princes' states, and principally the want of proper justice, keep up in these people this abominable spirit of revenge.

Farewel, Lucca!—Adieu to M. R——, and adieu to Liberty! but farewel chiefly to thee, Theresa M.—; for it is only thee Theresa M. that one quits, in departing from Lucca!

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

PISA.

YOU meet with some mineral waters before you reach Pisa. The grand duke has been there these three weeks, with the grand duchess, and some of the children that are inoculating. I have visited the baths. It is the finest water in nature, flowing in the finest marble, and health is said to flow with it. Pisa stands on the two banks of the Arno. The town is almost desert. The one hundred and twenty thousand citizens, that lived in it under the consuls, and the first Medicis, are now insensibly reduced to fifteen thousand inhabitants, under kings. It is true, the commerce of India passes no longer through Italy. The cathedral of Pisa, called the dome, deserves the traveller's attention. Its tower attracts immediately the eyes of all strangers; it really frights them. It inclines so much to one side, that it appears falling every instant: but what gives an assurance of the contrary is,
that

that it has been in the same state for many ages, like the Roman empire under the Cæsars. This phenomenon is the subject of a grand problem. Is it owing to the ground, or to the architect's intention, that this tower is thus inclined? To discuss in my letters this mighty question, would afford an excellent opportunity of becoming ridiculous and tiresome—let me try to avoid it. Let us rather examine the brazen gates of this cathedral, which undoubtedly suggested this hemistich of Virgil—*Spirantia mollius æra*: the brass actually breathes. The cathedral is spacious and majestic: two rows of granite antique columns, to the number of seventy, which are the precious remains of ancient temples, could not be disfigured by the Gothic taste, that brought them into that building. The baptistery, or the rotunda, has likewise its merit. But you are seized with amazement, and struck with admiration, on entering *il campo santo* (the holy ground), once the burying-place of the Pisans; a superb and immense enclosure, filled with tombs, and marble mausoleums, many of which are wonderfully wrought. One of these mausoleums was erected, by the king of Prussia's

I

order,

order, to the memory of Algarotti, with these words written upon it—*Ovidii æmulo, Newtonii discipulo, Fredericus magnus*—The names of Ovid, Algarotti, Newton, and Frederick, on a tomb! The middle of this enclosure is a garden, of which the soil is the sacred earth of Palestine, brought hither by the Pisans, to bury their dead in. This earth has a very remarkable property; they say, it will consume a corpse in an hour's time. My imagination will often carry me again to *campo santo*. All this marble, these epitaphs, this long cloister, this silence, this solitude, this earth, these great names, those ages—how affected, and how fluttering, is the heart, amidst these scenes!

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

FLORENCE.

THE finest gallery in the world, my dear friend, is certainly at Florence ; but I shall not speak to you at this time of pictures, statues, or images ; I have seen Leopold, and his people. Leopold loves his subjects, and has suppressed all the taxes that were not necessary ; he has discharged almost all his troops ; he has only kept a small number of them sufficient to preserve a model by. He has destroyed the fortifications of Pisa, which were extremely expensive ; he has overthrown stones, that devoured men. He found his court hid him from his people—he has no longer a court. He has established manufactories, and caused the noblest high roads to be opened every where at his expence. He has founded hospitals in Tuscany, that may really go under the denomination of palaces for the grand duke. I have visited them, and found in them all an excessive cleanliness, the neatest order,

order, and the most delicate, attentive care. The old patients I saw were so tenderly treated, that they seemed to be nursed by their children; the sick children again, by their mothers. I could not see, without shedding tears, this luxury of pity and of humanity. On the façades of these hospitals, they have given Leopold the title of *father of the poor*—the hospitals alone entitled him to that name. These are monuments that need no inscriptions. The grand duke often comes to visit his poor, and his patients; he does not neglect the good he has done; he not only feels the emotions of humanity, but possesses a humane soul. He never enters those mansions of sorrow, without exciting tears of heart-felt joy, and never quits them without receiving a thousand endearing blessings from every grateful tongue. They seem the thanks of a happy society, and songs of praise, and effusions of real contentment, resound in an hospital!

Any body may be presented to the grand duke, without boasting of four hundred years of nobility—without descending from those who have disputed the crown with his ancestors.

His

His palace is open, like a temple, to all his subjects, without exception. Three days in the week only are devoted more particularly to a certain class of men: it is not to the great, to the rich, to painters, to musicians, or to poets; it is to the unhappy. Commerce and industry are in other countries, like the landed property, the property of a small number of men; in Leopold's dominions, whatever one can do, he may safely do: in possessing a talent you are sure of a profession; there is but one exclusive privilege—it is genius. The prayers sent up to heaven, to implore plentiful harvests, no longer occasion famine in the villages. This prince has enriched the year with a number of working-days, which he has rescued from superstition, in order to restore them to agriculture, to the arts, and to the improvement of manners. He is projecting at present a general reform of his legislation. He has acquired new light from the perusal of some French books; and he is impatient to introduce it into the laws of Florence. He has begun by rendering the civil law more simple, and the criminal more mild. Blood has not stained the scaffold in Tuscany for these ten years.

years. In the prisons, liberty alone is wanting ; the grand duke has filled them with justice and humanity. Softening the laws has softened the public manners. Heinous crimes are become rare since the abolition of sanguinary punishments. The prisons of Tuscany were empty once for the space of three months. The grand duke has introduced two admirable sumptuary laws—the distinguished mark of approbation of neatness and simplicity, and his own example. When the sun rises on this prince's dominions, the prince is already up to govern them. At six o'clock in the morning the tears of the unhappy have often ceased to flow. His secretaries of state are but his clerks. The nobility complain that he does not distinguish them enough ; the priests, that he does not fear them enough ; the monks, that he does not enrich them enough ; and the people in office, that he attends too closely to their conduct. In his dominions the magistrate judges, the officer serves, the prelate resides, and the man in office does his duty—the reason is quite clear—the prince *reigns*. His children are not brought up in a palace, but in a house : his plan is to make them *men*, and not princes,

and

and they are actually so. The education bestowed on them furnishes many lessons of real instruction, and continually renders them sensible to those misfortunes, which their condition generally keeps at a great distance from princes. Their hearts are daily exposed to whatever can open them to benevolence and compassion. I saw in their hands the works of that great logician, Locke. "I know but two sorts of men in my dominions," said the duke one day to me, "the good and the bad."

The king and queen of Naples are expected at Florence, and the state is now consulting what festivals and entertainments are to be prepared for them. A temporary and easy tax has been proposed to the duke, to defray the necessary expences—"No," said he, "I will not suffer it, my wife has still upwards of three millions worth of jewels." The grand duke is happy, because his people are so, and he believes in God. How genuine must be this prince's joy, when every night, reflecting on his subjects, before he indulges in the soft arms of sleep, he is able to give an account to the sovereign Being of the happiness of a million

million of souls, to which he has contributed during the course of the day! What must not such a prince feel, with so much confidence in the bosom of his God! I had forgotten a saying of Titus—A courtier was remarking one day before the duke, that it was a pity his dominions were not more extensive—"Ah!" exclaimed he, "there are some still unhappy in my dominions!"

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

PISA.

IN speaking yesterday to you of the grand duke, I only shewed you the rays of the sun; I will shew you to-day his spots and imperfections—at least those with which they reproach him; those, in short, that envy pretends to have discovered, but with its leering eye, which is itself the cause of those spots. They say of him, “that since he has established an unlimited liberty of commerce and industry, the artificers are without bread. 2dly, That since he has prevented debtors from being imprisoned, the distressed find no succour from money-lenders. 3dly, That the grand duke protects beggary. 4thly, They say, that he hates the financiers and the nobility, and that he harrasses them.” Hear the conversation I had on the three first articles of this accusation, with a very sensible, well-informed person, and we will debate the fourth another time.

I Have

I have visited, said I, the hospital at Pisa, and never saw hospitals where humanity had less reason to complain of real palaces. The inscription over the gate is not very flattering—*Providentia Leopoldi patris pauperum*. I have seen the care of the father of the poor.—It stood confessed before me!—"but it might still be better," replied to me the person I was talking to.—True, but these hospitals have one great advantage, they are extremely airy; air is the first of all aliments for health, and the first of all remedies for disorders.—You have seen our hospitals? You do not travel then like the *croud* of Englishmen? In a hundred, there are not two who seek for instruction. To pass over many leagues of land or water, to drink punch and tea at the inn they alight at, to speak ill of all other nations, incessantly boasting of their own—this is what the English call travelling: the Post-directory is the only book of instruction for them.—But pray, Sir, what has been the consequence of the unlimited liberty of commerce?—It has produced so good an effect, that I would not advise any person whatever to attempt re-establishing the former restrictions; he would undoubtedly be stoned to death by the people.

people. I have read all that has been done or written in your country, for and against the liberty of trade. Experience has declared in favour of liberty. Before that epoch, there happened to be in Tuscany two bad harvests. The state was obliged to buy corn to the amount of fifty thousand crowns: the whole was attended with a good deal of trouble, and famine made its appearance notwithstanding. Since liberty of commerce has been introduced, we have had three seasons still less plentiful than the first; no corn was bought, no debts were contracted, no troubles, and the duchy did not experience famine. It is my real opinion, that in order to render freedom of trade salutary to a state, it must be unlimited. When the course of a river is confined or interrupted, stagnations and overflowings are the natural consequences. The liberty of trading has amazingly increased culture and industry: labourers are become rich, and artificers live at their ease. The first years were rather painful, but that is the fate of all beginnings. Liberty, at its first setting out quite alone, is sure of having frequent falls in her way, but every fall is a lesson to her, and every farther step strengthens her march.—

No doubt, replied I, all laws that preclude any thing but crimes, are oppressive.

I asked next, whether the grand duke did not think seriously of extirpating beggary out of his dominions; for beggary was one of the deepest wounds, and one of the greatest crimes, that the present community could suffer. Beggary shamefully exposes mankind. — Government try to do it as much as they can; they advance but slowly in this painful and difficult task, because beggary is very much favoured by religious prejudices and particular interests. Beggars are employed in this country for the purpose of knowing what the priests are doing in their churches; how many tapers have been burned, *au salut* (the exhibition of the host in the evening); what priest has officiated, &c. besides, these beggars serve likewise as errand-boys, at little expence. Were the government to annoy beggary, superstition would loudly charge them with impiety, avarice, and despotism: beggary has, therefore, in Tuscany, a stronger and deeper root than any where else; some of them are sheltered under altars.

Is it true, added I, that the creditor's incapacity of confining their debtors has been the cause that less money has been lent to the distressed, and that they consequently have less resources in their utmost need?—Such an evil was generally dreaded, but the event has proved the contrary. It was never here the security of liberty that determined a person to lend, since that security was always useless or onerous. The law has left to creditors the seizure of goods. Any man in distress will always be able to borrow on his probity; if he has none, he will find no credit. That is but right, for one can never render probity too necessary in a state.

Satisfied with such instructive, and yet simple answers, I asked whether they had abolished torture and capital punishments in Tuscany?—They are abolished, not by law, but by special order; they are waiting to see the effects of this mild innovation by experience, in order to enact afterwards a law for that purpose.——Experience alone indeed can reveal the real secret advantages, and the hidden mischiefs; a good legislation is like sound natural philosophy,

it must be founded on experiment; the laws too should be tried.

The asylums suppressed in Tuscany, and supported at Rome, were, for a while, the subject of our conversation afterwards. We spoke of the abuse and scandal of that custom; on the impossibility of the ecclesiastical states being ever well governed; of a certain bull that excommunicates all importers of particular goods from the pope's territory into Tuscany. A countryman, said my interlocutor, made a pleasant remark to me one day on this subject:—"the excommunication cannot affect *me* in the least, Sir; it can only fall on my ass, who alone carries the burden of the goods, and who luckily has a strong back." We spoke likewise of the convention between all the states of Italy, of mutually giving up their criminals, except between Genoa and Tuscany, and examined at last many important objects of political economy.—With whom, pray, do you think I had this long and sensible conversation? To whom did I make all these objections? Who gave these apposite answers? An author? a magistrate? a private man? No,—'twas the grand duke

duke himself. It was he who gave me an audience, who permitted me to ask him any questions, to urge the matter, to censure his actions; it was the grand duke, whose modest words were always—*they have done so, government thought proper to do so, &c.*—who never spoke of himself; it was the grand duke who has that way of reasoning, that simplicity, that facility; it was the grand duke who repulsed all my praises, who parried them with wonderful address, and whom I could foil but once or twice? it was the grand duke who spoke to me for an hour on his feet, in a closet, where a plain table was a desk, some plain deal formed a bureau, and a flat tin-candlestick contained the light. The grand duke knows no other luxury but the happiness of his people; and the grand duke reigns only over Tuscany.

After this audience I was admitted to that of the three eldest of his children, the first sixteen years old. Count Manfredini their governor, worthy of his charge, introduced me into their chamber, for their apartment (I have already mentioned it once, but it is well to repeat it) is but a chamber, and their palace, a house. I found

the eldest reading Montesquieu's *Grandeur and Fall of the Romans*.—Your highness is acquiring a knowledge of history? Yes, Sir, it is my principal study, with *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*.—Your highness reads Locke? Of what advantage must it be to your highness, to have dissected the human brain in your closet, when one day you will be called to rule over the human mind in your dominions! but permit me to invite you to add to Locke the *Art of Thinking*, and the logic of l'Abbé de Condillac. —We know that such works are extant, and we will read them.—Our conversation soon turned on Locke and Condillac; on the advantages of metaphysical enquiries, which alone can lead to the knowledge of truth; and of the analytic mind, that alone can find it. Of the system of the connection of ideas, so pregnant with important truths, Condillac has pretended to be the inventor, while it is found quite entire in the *Human Understanding*. —I was charmed, I was moved, at seeing a prince practising the art of rendering men happy, by learning the art of knowing them. This prince will be able to govern by himself, for his knowledge will be great, and he may venture to command.

I met

I met this morning, as I was walking in the botanic garden, a little child, to whom a professor was distinguishing the plants ; it was one of the duke's children. One is pleased to see a monarch's offspring amidst the scenes of nature.

If you want to see now the grand duke, you must go and look for him at Leghorn. He is actually in every part of his dominions ; every body knows it, and it is his policy. Somebody was saying to me, " we should not be so much indebted to the grand duke for loving his people ; the prince de ——— loves them likewise."—Yes, but with this distinction ; the grand duke loves the people, and the prince de ——— loves the populace.

LETTER XXVII.

FLORENCE.

I AM going to entertain you now with the celebrated gallery. The portraits of all the Medicis, who have contributed in forming so rare and crowded a collection of master-pieces contained in it, have been placed in its hall. It was an ingenious thought, and a piece of justice to place them there. They seem to be all of them together at the entrance, to receive the strangers who come to visit them, and to do the honours of their palace, and the ancient remains of their power.

I was pleased to look at those eight Medicis, in whose hands, for the space of many centuries, in the midst of civil and foreign wars, followed by intervals of tranquillity and peace, the sovereign authority, that now governs Tuscany, has insensibly grown, ever since that first influence of genius, virtues and riches, which began the state of monarchy, to that enormous power of

of the name of prince, the sanction of governing, and the right of conferring honours, which forms and finishes the state of despotism.

There are in this gallery fifty-eight statues, eighty-nine busts and three groups, all antique, besides a vast quantity of pictures. I shall speak first of all of the statues. The first that struck me, is a noble steed, that starts impatient from the marble, and with his eye, his mane, his nostrils and his foot, feeling himself created at last, seems to ask for the race, and to devour the extent of the course. Let us view that Roman, who is haranguing the senate—it is Cæsar—all his body actually speaks. Is that then the eloquent mouth whence issued those flowers, that formed so many fetters!—How admirable this Apollo! what beautiful features! This line that forms the complete design, how justly drawn! how it glides! how it parts and returns! how invisibly it connects the limbs one with another! the gentlest, and purest breath of life swells, supports and animates all those beauteous limbs! the head, how well inspired! the look seems rapt into future times!—In vain your fancy wanders in the beginning of the

spring over a perfumed grove of lilac and roses, on the borders of a purling rill, amidst the cooing of doves, and the melodious notes of nightingales; it will never muse on any thing so delicious as this portrait of Flora. All her charms blossom at this instant like the flowers she holds in her hands—Oh! what a beautiful and charming god!—’tis Mercury. How was Cupid then made?—his body is truly divine—certainly it never felt corporeal wants; it has only enjoyed those pleasures that still, unmixed with pain, are called true pleasures. What harmony in his form! what melody! Yes, the whole composes for the eye (permit me the expression) a soft melodious air. There is music in forms and colourings, as well as in sounds—See Bacchus by the side of Mercury! Even at the side of this Mercury, Bacchus appears beautiful. Michael Angelo has made this god approach the human state. A woman, endowed with tender sentiments, will prefer Mercury; a woman, yielding to the power of the passions, will chuse Bacchus. But behold another Bacchus still superior to this! he is leaning on a fawn. What a surprizing delicacy in his limbs and all their forms! the lovely god has
but

but feeble delicate attractions, they are (if I may be allowed the expression) just like the remains of a beloved object in a tender soul, after an absence of some time—How! is that Michael Angelo's celebrated Bacchus? exclaimed an amateur, just by me—where is then that flushed-up countenance which should characterize the jolly god? His looks are by no means altered; not the least tottering appears—Was Bacchus, then, a man? replied I to the critic.

I cannot stop to examine every one of these statues: they all have some beauties peculiar to them and others, that are common to them all. In every statue, the naked parts are flesh, and the drapery, real garments. In all of them the thought places, or takes away, the raiment that conceals them, the thickest of which are but veils to the mind's eye.

That wonderful, and only, line with which nature designs the human body, has here acquired, under the chissel, and the genius of different artists, the most agreeable forms, the supplest motions, and the softest undulations:

dulations : this line traces no angle ; it diverges and returns by contours ; it never stops, and never fixes the eye : each form is always the beginning of another. Thus wrote Racine, Virgil, and Fenelon. Had then the Grecians learned from art all the properties of this creative line ? Had they studied all it could produce, for conveying the greatest pleasure to the eye ? or did nature herself present it to them on the human forms, she was pleased to animate in her favourite climate ? or did the Greek artists, in short, imitate only a more happy nature ? or did they really invent it ?—I will not stop before this Laocoon, copied by Bandinelli ; the original is at Rome. Let us now return, and hastily run over this collection of emperors and empresses busts. Incline your eyes ; here is the Antinous : turn them aside, for there is Nero : fix them a while on this head ; behold Marcus Aurelius !—Let us cast a rapid look, and at random, over that croud of emperors of a day ; of emperors only by name. Here stand before us all those heads of despotism, which the universe has seen succeed one another for the space of three hundred years ! It was at those eyes, at those mouths,

and

and at those frowns, that mankind have trembled for so many ages! At the smallest motion of their hands, and at the least nod, tears and blood were seen to flow from one end of the world to the other!—Trajan, Titus, Marcus Aurelius—my countenance gladdens and smiles at your aspect, as the universe does at your name.

BETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

FLORENCE.

NO, I can never forget the portrait I have seen—Jesus on the cross, his mother at his feet, looking at him with such an air of indifference, that it neither seems her son, nor a crucified body that she is looking at. O sublime indifference! it is in the secret of this death.—Thus thought Michael Angelo.

Why is this cieling crouded with arabesks? why such paltry ornaments? why any ornaments to the cieling of the gallery of Florence?—but they are Michael Angelo's.—Well! if they are, take them away, and convey them to the *boudoirs* at Paris. The arabesks of Michael Angelo put me in mind of Corneille's fugitive pieces.—How! a collection of portraits just by the assemblage of such beautiful antiques! Ye artists! fine nature at rest, or common nature in motion. All others can but interest a country or a century—the rest die. But how could
taste

taste suffer Venus *combing* Cupid among so many fine pictures! Does Cupid stand in need of being combed? rather look in his flaxen hair for the leaf of a rose that may chance to fall after bending his bow.—I must return and stand again before that charming Mercury, that I may efface the image of this Venus.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

FLORENCE.

THE celebrated *improvisatrice*, whose name has resounded all over Europe; who received the poet's wreath a few years ago in the capitol, where Petrarch had been, and Tasso was to have been, crowned. Corilla, the renowned Corilla!—I saw her yesterday; but I arrived too late. The fertile imagination, the fiery rant, the volcanic eruption, in short, is almost extinguished. It still emits, however, some brilliant sparks. She read several of her own sonnets to me: I could not seize all the beauties, or rather I found too few in them, that is, too few ideas, too few sentiments and images. The Italian language amazes and seduces by its sweetness and its melody. Charmed with the music that enrap- tures the ear, authors seldom require of it either sentiments or thoughts; as we Frenchmen never do of our pretty women, and comic operas. Thence proceeds that luxury of words,

words, and that poverty of ideas, remarkable in all their discourses : instead of bestowing on the thoughts as few words as possible, they are pleased to overload them ; thus when most parts of the sentences are stripped of their redundancy, scarcely an idea remains. Nothing so easy as *improvvisare* (to chant extempore) in Italian ; in so echoing a language, where every sentence may be a line, and every word a rhyme. Besides, it is not required that an *improvvisatore* should think, or make his auditors think. A certain measure of common place, some conceits for words, are all that is expected from him. The chanting is of great help to the extempore poet : while he is varying the sounds, the ideas have time enough to come ; besides, the movement of the song greatly excites them. The soul and body reciprocally move as the horseman and the horse. The least noise round a harpsichord, or a brain, makes it resound. Some Italians allow the inconveniences of that multitude of vowels, which crowd their language. I made a poet, who was boasting of this luxuriancy, remark, that good writers in Italy suppressed the vowel at the end of many words, and multiplied the consonants,

consonants, with a view of giving the proper shades, breaking the monotony, and for the purpose of *trigging*, in some measure, the sentence, too rapid otherwise by the vowels. Some sensible Italians, all men of letters, who were present, agreed to it: the poet alone supported his cause.—“ Pray, Sir, said he, were you to have the choice of writing in a language, composed of vowels, or in one, composed of consonants, would you not chuse the former?”—“ ’Tis just as if you were to ask me, whether I should prefer for a painting, a pallet totally filled with soot, to one of rose-colour alone. I should prefer neither, for I should equally stand in need of both.”

Corilla begged of Nardini, the best musician of Italy, to charm us with his violin. That instrument in his hands is a living voice, or contains one in it. He touched fibres in my ears that never shook. With what tenuity Nardini divides the air! With what address he expresses the sound of all the chords of his instrument! With what art he works and purifies the sound!

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

FLORENCE.

THIS is the fourth time I have seen her, and have not seen her yet.—I have been looking at her these two hours, and cannot grow tired of looking at her.—I wish I could draw her picture, but am unable even to describe her.—She will always baffle the pencil, the chissel, and the pen: there exists no language in the world that can model so many charms.—You see that it is of the Venus of Medicis I speak. I sat down before her with a pen in my hand. Figure to yourself something a thousand times more beautiful than whatever you have seen of most beautiful—a thousand times more moving than all that has ever moved you—a thousand times more ravishing than all that has ever ravished you—such is the Venus of Medicis. In this Venus, every thing is actually Venus. Every thing you distinguish in her, is a grace. The whole surface of this delicate body is florid with youth,

youth, and breathes a refulgent divinity. Do not think I am exaggerating—I do not speak with enthusiasm: look at this head yourself! Does not every one of these features breathe voluptuousness, in the same manner as every leaf of a rose exhales the rose? In what a labyrinth of beauties does not the eye wander and lose itself! It descends, or rather glides from beauty to beauty, from grace to grace, from charm to charm, by following the most diverging line; from the top of that divine forehead to the extremity of that celestial foot, without preferring any particular part whatever, and without stopping any particular way: it dares not rest upon the fingers, they are so delicate; it dares not touch that bosom, so pure it is!—But what senses can resist, and not be inflamed, before the Venus of Medicis?—Those of all truly sensible men. She touches, she moves, she charms; but she does not enflame: she raises in the heart that pure delicious tenderness, still free from all desires, which so sweetly animates it, when it half-opens itself to love. But Venus, they say, is naked—Don't you perceive her modesty?—What thoughts can occupy the breast of Venus?

Venus?—She does not think; Venus does but feel.—How pleased am I, and how I admire the gentle inclination of her body! With what grace the timid foot develops itself from under the charming knee! Venus is on the earth; but Venus does not rest upon it. By continually contemplating this Venus, I fancy sometimes that it is she: I feel an embarrassment I cannot well describe.—It is generally said, that there is something of the woman in whatever we love: one may surely say there is something of the Venus of Medicis in whatever charms,

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

FLORENCE.

YOU remember James II. of the unfortunate family of the Stuarts ; and the pretender, supported at first, and then abandoned, by France ; whom Rome had received with marks of distinction, and then totally neglected—a common fate, alas ! attending the unfortunate ; for pity is a divine passion, 'tis true, but not more faithful and constant than all others.—Well ! this unlucky pretender, overwhelmed with infirmities and misfortunes, and above all with the name of Stuart, now changed for Comte d'Albanie, is the person, who is ending at Florence, in all the affliction of a painful old age, the destiny of a man, whose ancestors once reigned ! a circumstance he has not been able to forget. He will die with his looks fixed on that crown he never could place but on his seal, and on the pannels of his carriage.—He had been at Rome a long time, where he had a court and some guards ; but

but the name of majesty was refused him. He left Rome for Florence, one day, and lost his court and his guards, and did not obtain the title of majesty ; but, to make amends for all these disappointments, he has drawn near him all the virtues that can comfort an infirm old man, an unhappy father, and even a dethroned king. He has sent for the duchess his daughter;—If hearts alone were sufficient to enable her to mount her ancestors throne, she would certainly mount it in a short time : she is goodness itself ; but the goodness she is so richly endowed with, is of that kind, which reason does not command ; it springs from the heart ; it has so many graces and charms, and supposes so many virtues, without itself appearing to be one, that every body is forced to admire it.—May the duchess be happy ! May her disconsolate father be able to forget that the name of Stuart has been the name of kings ! and may all men remember it, in looking at his daughter !

The duchess shewed me Lewis the Fourteenth's presents to James the Second, at his arrival in France, when fate reduced that monarch

narch to the condition of receiving presents ;— they were indeed presents from Lewis XIV ! She shewed me the gold-toilet the queen found in her apartment the evening she arrived. *The times are materially changed*—said she to me ; this was all she could express—I am mistaken, she smiled. How affecting the cares so tenderly lavished on her father !— Whenever her ill-fated sire recollects, that his name has reigned, his tears do not flow unmixed with those of his daughter ;—the duchess weeps with him. She has a maid of honour with her as a companion, and the count, an equerry, who is a lord.—This is all their court, added to that respect, with which calamities, old age, and virtue, never fail to inspire noble spirits, and susceptible hearts.— Here will I end my letter, and retain, a while, in my mind, the soft emotions of this pleasing sadness.—Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

FLORENCE.

NEVER enter the cabinet of the *hermaphrodite*, if you do not wish to blush for pleasure and shame at the same instant. I dare not even say that it is too handsome.—Lovely modesty, redouble thy veil in this too renowned cabinet. Those who wish to see the Bologna Mercury of bronze, may hasten hither, for behold him! he is flying away. How light and airy he is! The artist has very ingeniously suspended him on a small piece of bronze, which imitates, or rather naturally expresses, the powerful breath of Boreas. The God is actually in the air, and yet we are not under the least apprehension on his account—we are sure that he can mount. What a sweetness in his features!—What a delicacy in the expression! I cannot quit this Mercury, but in order to examine this infant Hercules.—Hence!—Hence! all other artists whatever! They have represented but the present time: he who

has done this infant, has fairly represented future time. In this Hercules, who is not yet ten, one presages what Hercules will be at thirty.

I will not mention one of the pictures of the Flemish school, nor these statues, nor these bronzes—I will not meddle with the common people.

What deep wound has caused the deep grief, that darkens the countenance of Alexander on that bust? Thou hast ravaged the world, Alexander! but the world seems to be revenged.—There is Brutus! He is but roughly done. 'Tis but a sketch; and I read under its bust:—*The reason why Michael Angelo has given but a sketch of this bust is, that he recollected on a sudden the crime Brutus had committed, and the chissel fell from his hands.* Who is the slave, that wrote such an inscription? Leopold, it is not thou, who should'st leave thus injured the memory of Brutus! thou canst not dread him.—What a pity this bust should be imperfect!—But yet how animated it is!—How much is there of the Brutus, even
 2 in

in this sketch! Michael Angelo's imagination was on a level with the soul of Brutus. — But we must not quit the gallery, without assisting at Niobe's tragedy in marble. All her family, to the number of fourteen, are assembled in a room. One of her sons is already wounded by an arrow from Apollo's hand: there he is, in the middle of the hall, stretched on the ground, and weltering in his blood! The rest of the children, dismayed and seized with terror, seek shelter by flight, or hide their devoted heads. Some remain as they were—On that countenance sit ghastly horror and despair;—on this, threats and imprecations;—on the other, alas! cold death;—and on Niobe's face, the soul of a mother, who sees all her children perish at once. How beautiful and sublime is that mother in her grief! She tries to hide within her arms the youngest of her daughters; the youngest of her daughters is charming, and yet one can see but her shoulders. One would think that the artist employed all his skill to make them handsome, for the purpose of moving the heart of Apollo.

It is the grand duke who assembled all these statues in this room. It might have been contrived, perhaps, to have placed them in a more picturesque manner : they should not be symmetrically ranged in a circle ; they should be separated : some, for instance, on the top of a rock, others on the declivity, and others at the bottom. They should be seen running and flying away.

Let us cast a glance now upon some of the pictures. I do not find any that can be put in competition with the statues. The canvas in this gallery must yield to the marble. We must do justice, however, to this Joseph. All the others are but going from Potiphar's couch.—This Joseph runs away—he triumphs, for he resists. The combat of two interesting affections, in a beautiful countenance, is an affecting sight!—I perceive real tears flowing from the heart, in the eyes of that St. Francis ; they stand trembling on the lids.—The composition of that Pilate, who dismisses Jesus, is truly wonderful. He is on his seat, being an old judge, and washes his hands in the basin presented to him. In the action of doing it,

it, he lifts up his eyes a little, and an oblique glance, half of which falls on Jesus, seems to say—*This man I believe is not so guilty; let them condemn him if they please; for my part, I'll wash my hands, and have nothing more to do with it.*

The painter, perhaps, expected me to exclaim—"How affecting this Magdalen!"—He should not have made her then pretty, but handsome. She is superior, however, to all the other Magdalens. And, to say the truth, what a compunction in that sweet countenance! How penitent those soft endearing tears! She is half seated in the shade reclined against a rock, quite naked, veiled only by her hair and her grief.—The head of hair is truly divine: it flows all over her body.

LETTER XXXIII.

FLORENCE.

I WISH I could describe the cabinet of natural history, which the grand duke has been enriching, and M. Fontana arranging, these ten years. Fifty rooms are already full of the treasures of this collection. Fifty others are to be filled. It is impossible to describe the elegance of the apartments, the order, and the distribution. Not only every thing appears, but every thing shews to advantage, and invites the stranger to admire. The drawers of this cabinet represent those of M. Fontana's memory, full of natural history. I should never grow tired of visiting these rooms, of wandering from reign to reign, and expatiating on the different empires of nature; examining all its treasures; of following nature distributing motion to all organized forms; giving less to these, and a little more to others: a motion that all these individuals return to her afterwards, in proportion as they have received it,

it, more quickly or slowly under all possible forms; in executing all the functions of the brilliant phenomenon of life. But what attracted chiefly my attention was man: A skilful wax, and perhaps more durable than brass, offers in this cabinet a complete image of him. You see the most secret pieces of so complicated a machine; some loosen and separate at first, then assemble and re-unite, quite ready to perform, in concert with the general œconomy of the human body, in their turn, and in their places, the function that concerns them: they are quite ready for life. These details fill a dozen of these rooms. There is hardly a point, if I may say so, of this wonderful copy of man, that did not require the sacrifice of an entire original. This type in wax has consumed a thousand dead bodies. What labour! what patience! but, on the other hand, what a noble and useful monument! The emperor was so perfectly satisfied with it, that he has ordered a similar one to be made. It is the work of three years. I saw people employed in it. I regret very much that I had not time to study this universal type of man. The examining a few minutes the neurologic system,

made me discover several secrets. Philosophy has been wrong, in not examining still deeper the physical parts of man; it is there the moral man is hidden. The outward man is but the type of the inward one. How pleased, could I but descant on so grand a subject! I could likewise wish to stop longer on these samples of all the metals, and their different destinies; on the particular fortune of iron and gold, and on those singular beings that are found in the mildew of the wheat, who, reduced to the last degree of desiccation, offering all the signs, in appearance, of dead matter, are yet organized, and live, or rather are apt to receive life. M. Fontana has proposed to make this experiment before me. He only makes use of a drop of water. He takes care not to let it fall over these *dust*-animals, for it might crush them in falling: he approaches by degrees the drop of water on the head of a needle, and by degrees the little animal is penetrated by its freshness: all the atoms that compose it draw nearer and nearer, join themselves, and form but one; motion already exists; it gains ground, it advances, it circulates, and the animal receives life. The consequences resulting from this

expe-

experiment are of the greatest importance; they throw much light on the life and death of matter. M. Fontana dares not write on this subject; he is afraid of being excommunicated. All the grand duke's power could not save him from the ill consequences of excommunication, which has still great influence even in Tuscany. It is not, however, M. Fontana's intention to attack with his system any of the adopted religious tenets; but the word *reason* alone frightens the holy see.

Before I quit this rich cabinet of natural history, I must look at this singular stone, which was originally water. The water, that runs into a vessel from this fountain, becomes stone in an hour. M. Fontana has opened new, or surer, paths in the labyrinth of nature; but unluckily his great occupations, and above all, the proximity of Rome, prevent him from writing, and discourage him often from thinking. He has a clear, luminous, and methodical genius; no *iris* in the glasses through which he views, and studies, nature: he never sees but what really is. He does not enjoy any

any particular consideration at Florence, and chiefly among the nobles: they shew a contempt for all philosophers. The nobility in general are not learned enough to hate them.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

FLORENCE.

WHAT elevation! what a mass! what a circumference! Is it a mountain of marble they have been cutting!—It is the cathedral. The moment you enter, imagination reaches heaven at the first look; but at the second, it falls; for these Gothic columns are too weak to support so enormous a mass. The Goths thought that the beautiful consisted in the grand, and that the enormous must be grand. How many writings in verse and prose are there in the Gothic style!—But the proportion! It is not proportion that composes the beautiful; but yet without it there is no beautiful. Nature, it is said, never does any thing by *starts*; art should imitate nature. This rule has been properly observed in the baptistery, or church, of St. John, built about a hundred steps from the cathedral. Each front is supported on two noble columns; the whole edifice rises, and stands on sixteen. This forms an immense

space in the centre, where, from the middle of the vaulted roof, the only opening lets in a solemn, religious light, which spreads all over the temple; the magnificent gates of which are of brass, sculptured in so masterly a manner, that Michael Angelo used to say, they deserved to shut and open paradise itself. I beg Horace's pardon, but I believe his lines will not last so long as these gates of brass: it will be impossible for time to devour them; many centuries have already passed, and not left upon them the trace of a day.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

FLORENCE.

WHEN in the neighbourhood of Florence, one must not fail to visit *il Poggio Imperiale*, a pleasure house, where the grand duke sometimes spends part of the summer. Its external appearance is not magnificent, nor are the gardens very fine; but it is surrounded by well cultivated fields, the best gardens of a good king. When the grand duke is at Poggio, there is not a centinel at the gate: he has the appearance of being among his people as a private gentleman. Every Sunday the town and country people crowd to the gardens; they go to drink, laugh, and sing, under the eye of their sovereign; not merely to forget their sorrows, as elsewhere, but the better to enjoy their happiness. The grand duke often walks amongst them, and animates their joy, by partaking of it. He does not disdain to taste those pleasures, not refined but true, and in part the effect of his good government. He has devised a sure
and

and simple mode of preventing all complaints against people in office, or others, who enjoy stations at court : the feeblest voice may easily reach his ear, for he has had some openings made in the walls of his palaces. These are passages ingeniously contrived for the conveyance of truth. The grand duke does not reign for the nobles, the rich, or his ministers—but for his people : he is truly a sovereign.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

FLORENCE.

I HAVE been to see the imperial library. It contains only manuscripts. Nothing is more chimerical and absurd than the value they set upon them, for they are printed. What avails in fact, that such a manuscript should be one thousand years old, if it is become quite useless. It is in this manner the grand duke judges of the nobility. The respect we pay to antiquity, whether on account of its monuments, its customs, its opinions, its men, and, in short, its ancient prescription, is one of the maladies of the human mind.

I was shewed, with a kind of solemnity, a manuscript of Justinian's code, which they pretend not to be the first, but the most ancient existing. To know how well founded this pretension was, I had nothing to do but to read *two* small dissertations in the Italian manner, out of a large volume in folio; unluckily I was rather
in

in a hurry. The bulk of the library is very handsome: it was worthy of the valuable manuscripts before they were printed. Michael Angelo, who was the architect of it, died before he finished it. Who would dare to finish a monument begun by Michael Angelo, or a poem begun by Virgil? Florence is Michael Angelo's cradle. Here he spent the greatest part of his life. His patriotic hand has touched half these palaces, these temples, and these monuments: you may see his hand printed every where; that of time could not efface it. On entering the house, I had almost said the sanctuary, of so great a man, I was struck with a kind of religious awe: the most celebrated painters have taken delight in hallowing it with the noblest actions of his life, for he really deserved the talents he possessed: unluckily for their pictures, the recollection of Michael Angelo's pencil is too near them.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

FLORENCE.

THE *Corfini-palace* is extremely grand, and rich in pictures; three are very beautiful. The first is Poetry, crowned with laurels. One would think it is that of Virgil; it is so noble, simple, and beautiful! so much does it resemble Dido! It was created by the tender heart, the delicate imagination, and the finishing pencil of *Carlo Dolce*.

The second, next to Poetry, is a Saint Sebastian, of Dolce likewise; you are tempted to draw the arrows from his breast. In the third, the style and pencil are quite different: 'tis the production of Albano. You think you are admiring Love and the Graces, and you are not mistaken. Love and the Graces were inseparable from Albano. He led, on a fine evening, some smiling Cupids to the border of a bubbling rill in a valley: they laugh, they sing, they dance with emulation, on the flowery turf,

turf, to the sound of a flute : Old Silenus plays upon it ; one of the little gods reposes on the grass, and looks at the lively troop ; the others beckon him to come, but he will not—Is not this a charming scene ?—The Cupids are as lovely as Cupids are. Old Silenus is an excellent contrast to them.—How grave and heavy his countenance !—I have enjoyed a delicious hour with Love and Silenus in this enchanting valley.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

FLORENCE.

HOW shall we explain this political phænomenon? Some nobility, no troops, and yet a despot in Tuscany!—The people in Tuscany are happy, and sovereigns have the most certain means of humbling aristocracy in their dominions—it is to arm the people against it; and the surest method of arming the people against it, is—to render them happy.

'Tis in vain the nobility roar when the people do not groan; in vain do the noblemen stir when the people are tranquil. Princes desire to be absolute, the nobility independent, and the people happy. Only misery, or fanaticism, can make the latter rise. The happiness of the Roman people clearly accounts for the days of Nero—But how has the grand duke made his people happy?—By administering to them bread, amusements, and justice; by establishing manufactories, where the people are busy, and

and employ their time ; and theatres where they agreeably pass it away ; by founding hospitals, where they recover their health, and tribunals where they are likely to find justice.

Armed with the public happiness, he has attacked all the privileges of the nobility : he has subdued them. He has destroyed the last roots of democracy, by suppressing all popular companies, and the last roots of aristocracy by suffering the senatorial order to be extinguished. There is but one class of subjects in Tuscany, and but one master. The grand duke is obliged to be upright in his government ; he cannot commit a single fault ; for, having united all the political power in his hands, the republic is quite ready. The Tuscans, to be quite free, want but a tyrant—they have already a despot. It is the nature of all political power to aim alternately to unite itself in the head of one, and then to divide itself again into the hands of the many. The whole history of nations exhibits this phenomenon.

The grand duke does not simply oppose the happiness of his people to the aristocratic power ;

power; he watches over it sees, in a discontented thought at the very bottom of the soul, and stops it quite short by a simple word. — They accuse him of having spies; *I have no troops*, is his answer. The nobility in Tuscany, however, cannot be looked upon as very active or troublesome. The idleness of the noblemen, the sure principle of all seditions, finds some occupation at the opera-house; in devotion, and in *cicisbeism*; and if they have lost all their hopes and privileges, they still retain some dear remembrances of them: names that have once reigned, that have been free, and have once conspired against the state, are still existing. Such names are always formidable. How was the soul of Brutus enflamed by only calling him by his name—*Brutus thou sleepest!*

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

FLORENCE.

I HAVE just seen a picture of Coreggio, that surpasses all his others. It is true, that it is the portrait of his master—the portrait of Love—yes, it is Love, no longer in his infancy, and with innocent looks, but flushed with youth, and attended by the Graces. He does not move, but he charms. He is not yet sixteen, I believe; but you are pretty sure he is more than fourteen.

With his back turned (he is naked, and it is the portrait of Love!), his foot on a heap of books, that certainly cannot be poetry; he bends a bow, and looks: two little Cupids the pretty children of Love, are between his legs; they are embracing each other: one of them laughs, the other weeps, and Love smiles. O charming allegorical picture! What a happy thought, tender Coreggio, presented itself at the end of thy pencil! for it is *at the*
end

end of thy pencil, thou us'd'st to say, that thy ideas generally came. Thy pencil drew sentiment from thy heart, as it drew colour from nature—Farewel, sweet, charming Love, the son of Venus and Coreggio!

LETTER

LETTER XL.

FLORENCE.

IL PALAZZO PITTI is the residence of the grand duke. I have been just admiring it. What elevation! what extent of buildings! This elevation, however, and this vast extent, can attract no more than a look: The eye glides along this prodigious surface without meeting a single ornament, without finding a single point to rest upon: the whole palace has the appearance of a massy stone. In every work of art, the principal idea should certainly prevail; but the accessory one, at least, must, by some means or other, appear. Notwithstanding, however, this conspicuous defect, the imagination, wandering in the immensity of the *Pitti*-palace, finds that it wanders in a royal mansion. There are so many pictures hanging, that you fancy you see but one picture. It would require a month to separate and examine them, and you run them all over in an hour. What a terrible and sublime

I

blime composition, the death of the rich, and that of the poor ! They are represented next to each other in the room called, *the hall of the four ends of man*. In the middle of a superb apartment, on a bed refulgent with gold, a man, surrounded by priests, who are praying ; physicians, who are musing in pensive sadness ; servants, who are watching the least motion of the by-standers ; children, who are sobbing ; a wife, who is all agony and despair ; in the midst of confusion, consternation and tears, is breathing the last sigh on silk and purple—this is the rich man's death ! On the other hand, in the corner of a tottering loft, in the shade, on a truckle-bed upon straw, and under rags entangled in the straw, something of a human figure, livid, bloody and deformed, hangs in pieces, quite down to the ground, half gnawed by the dogs, who abandon him and run away—this is the poor man's death ! What a distance has not society thrown between the poor and the rich ? And if the poor has the audaciousness to leap the bounds, and draw nearer the rich, what a croud of laws is there to re-plunge him into misery, or launch him

into eternity! Death alone is just towards the rich and the poor—he levels them with his scythe. Death knows but one race of mankind. I was reflecting on society, and on what they call justice, which, for the greatest part, is nothing more in these days, than sanctified injustice; my imagination had passed in review all the evils arising from the state of civilization; it was entering the forests of Canada, to reason upon happiness, and a savage life—and at that instant I found myself in the gardens of the palace, in the midst of the early flowers of the spring, and the first breathings of the gentle zephyrs—on the rising grass and swelling turf, at the hour when the voice of the nightingale, then more plaintive and tender, pours forth its last melodious accents. What a delightful evening! the day seemed to depart with regret. Almighty nature! I cannot express the pleasure with which I abandoned my soul, assailed by so many dismal and doleful images, to all the charms of the season, and to the pleasing objects of that enchanting place. I began to breathe the incense of the spring, of nature, and of life—of that life I saw shoot forth

forth with love in every branch of the trees, in every leaf of the shrubs, in every grass of the turf, and in every accent of the birds.— Oh! how greatly do the beauties of nature transcend those of art!

LETTER XLI.

FLORENCE.

THERE were, a few years ago, four academies at Florence. They did nothing; they were four academies only in name. The grand duke has incorporated them into one, under the name of the Florentine Academy: but it was in vain he created two hundred appointments; it would have been necessary, at the same time, to have created two hundred talents. The constitution of this academy is by no means calculated to form any such talents, or to produce them. It is actually monarchical; it has a perpetual president, named by the prince; two secretaries, named by the prince; two censors, named by the prince. Democracy alone can suit an academy, because liberty alone can be favourable to abilities—It has two public sittings every week. The members open the assembly with a discourse, at their option, each in his turn. The secretary invites afterwards the other academicians, and even the strangers,

strangers, to read. I have been present at one of these meetings: it began with a collection of common-place anecdotes, and remarks on the life and works of Galileo. It was chanted from the beginning to the end. This psalmody of the Italians is very disgusting. How insupportable its monotony! These remains of the chanted language with the tongue thus spoken, produce a very disagreeable effect. Italians, and the partisans of their language, must certainly be ignorant, that it belongs to the soul alone to modulate and mark the word, according to the sentiment it wishes to express. All those artificial inflections ~~repel~~ those of nature, and prevent above all the distinguishing of them, as they leave no room for them: the word then springs only from the lips, and is derived from no other place. After the remarks on that great philosopher, Galileo, a short young man, availed himself of the secretary's invitation to chant a sonnet *on the soul*. He was a Jew—the only remarkable circumstance in his sonnet. An *improvvisatrice* afterwards rose, and sang some lines on the death of one of her friends. The academy laughed. Count ——— concluded, the academic entertainment. He

modestly read an idyl he had already printed: He was not wrong in doing it, for the composition appeared quite new. He was not satisfied with chanting his idyl; he *acted* it too. What grimaces in the tender descriptions of pastoral life!

The academicians have no places of distinction in the assembly, except the president, the secretary, and the censors: this is, perhaps, the reason they have none in the literary sphere. The grand duke would wish them to continue the dictionary of the Italian language, begun by the academy of *la Crusca*, but they refuse it, and are in the right. It is presumptuous to prescribe bounds to a language when it is not formed, and, perhaps, even when it is formed. The formation of a language is the work of great writers. Italy can reckon very few of that description. The best part of human wit, and of what affects the heart, has not been yet touched by the Italian pens; it could not, therefore, be introduced in their language. The common saying, which fixes the standard of good Italian at Sienna, is void of common sense. That language has not yet a country of
its

its own, nor any particular mansion; it is a wandering one, still begging every where, and principally from France. The various languages of great writers, are so many different domains, which the general tongue reunites under its crown, and which compose its empire. There exists in Italy the language of Boccace, of Machiavel, of Ariosto, and of Tasso, but there exists not yet in Italy a true Italian tongue. Count Alfieri, in his excellent tragedies, in which often breathes the genius of Sophocles, has lately attempted to revive that Italian language, which flourished in Leo the Tenth's time; but this attempt did not succeed either at Naples, or at Rome. No other language can be now suffered in those two capitals but a *frenchified*, that is to say, a degenerated Italian. The Italians agree that, in general, they cannot write a book, and that the art of fine writing is confined to France. They seldom read therefore, by choice, any other authors but our own (the French); yet half the beauties of our writers escape them—all the graceful, the refined, the delicate touches—all, in short, escape——

LETTER XLII.

FLORENCE.

I HAVE been to see the academy of arts, which the grand duke of Tuscany has re-established, and greatly encouraged. I have visited the halls for drawing, the rooms for naked nature, those for engraving and painting, and the hall for the stucco-work, which is immense. On two parallel lines, are ranged all the plaster models of the most beautiful statues Italy possesses at present. Amidst the most beautiful human forms, born in the happiest climates, selected by the purest taste, and expressed by the chissel of genius; you see the imagination of a hundred young artists unfolding, all of whom incessantly vie with one another, to comprehend them, to feel them, or to imitate them. The grand duke furnishes the young artists with every thing, except genius, which nature alone can supply. I was fired with indignation at the school for painting—What! in Italy—at Florence, a master to

cause

cause one of his pictures to be copied!—They begin again at Florence, as well as in other parts of Italy, all the *beaux arts*. They are copying and making sketches before master-pieces of painting. But it is, in a small degree, the grand duke's fault: he invites the arts, and has banished luxury! he wants architecture, but no more palaces! he wishes for statues, and at the same time wants to preserve the manners! The arts, like nature, produce only in proportion to the consumption of their productions. Leopold! Sparta, and Athens, can never agree: one cannot be at the same time Lycurgus and Pericles!

LETTER XLIII.

FLORENCE.

THE palace Ricardi is worthy of being seen ; it was the mansion of the first Medicis. It was in this palace the freedom of the Florentines expired, and the elegant arts revived. The tomb of liberty is their cradle. The gallery of this palace is prodigiously fine. Giordano's pencil, as fertile and brilliant as that of Ovid, inspired by the most distinguished characters of his age, by philosophers and poets, has painted, and peopled the cieling. He has made a poem of it. It is the fate of man. What strikes you first is the birth of man. Time, Destiny, the Three Sisters, and Nature, are all in expectation. Destiny beckons to Time, and Time to the Fatal Sisters. Forthwith the spindle twirls ; behold a child in the hands of Nature ! Prometheus approaches the infant, and shakes his flambeaux over him—that spark is life. The child is already crawling at Nature's feet ; he stands, he walks, he wants to leave

leave his mother. In vain does Nature attempt to prevent him; in vain she weeps: he is gone—gone far from her, and soon loses his way. After rambling a long time, two paths present themselves to the young man; one thick-set with thorns, briars, and stones, every way steep, rugged, and difficult of access; the other, on the contrary, smooth, and enamelled with flowers. On each border of these two different walks are seen crouds of men and women. Those on the border of the thorny path are of comely, but sedate, countenances; no disguise, no ornaments, no finery: a few leaves of laurel only are intermixed with their hair. This company do not attempt to seduce the traveller, but, in a simple and unaffected tone of voice, say: “Young man, this is the path that leads to happiness.” Talents and virtue are the surest means to reach it.—The troop on the border of the flowery path, far more numerous than the other, present the most engaging figures: their countenances full of life and joy; they laugh, they sing, they play. What a luxury in their dresses! They have flowers in their hair, on their foreheads, and in their hands. By their attitudes and fascinating smiles, you would take

them for Cupids and Graces ; but on examining them behind, a light ribbon that binds their heads, discovers these charming faces to be but masks ; and some openings in the masks enable you to perceive that they are deformed. This troop eagerly run before the traveller, smile on him, caress him, flatter him, take him by the hand, and gracefully address these words to him :—" Charming stranger, this is the path that leads to pleasure ; follow us then, happy young man."—He follows them—the ill-fated youth follows the Vices !—Ingenious allegory ! Truth never covered her countenance with a more brilliant or transparent veil. Why am I not possessed of Giordano's pencil ! Why have I not the talent which this painter possessed, of printing his ideas upon canvas !

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

ROME.

HOW the road from Florence to Rome differs from that of Leghorn to Florence! After having quitted Leghorn, whence Tuscany once embraced the whole universe with the arms of her commerce, you enter and follow a magnificent road through fields, woods, and valleys, till you arrive at Pisa, where Arno's smiling banks kindly receive you. You wind then with the Arno, along a delightful and extensive plain, amidst the richest culture of the land, under a moderate climate, which knows neither the rigours of winter, nor the heats of summer. I was in raptures with meeting at every step, in fields enamelled with flowers, women flushed with the hue of health, happiness, and innocence. Thus dispersed in the fields, they seemed rather to be celebrating some rural games or joyous festival, than performing rustic toils: they recalled to my mind those charming nymphs supposed

posed by fable, and the poets, to have peopled the country.

But let those charming women, whom all painters should come to see, and all travellers run away from, remain in their beautiful fields. —Let us enter with the Arno into Florence. How charming its situation! The plain it stands upon is covered with trees of all kinds, and chiefly with those that bear fruit. In the spring Florence is in the middle of a grove of flowers, and deserves the name it bears.

But in proportion as you leave that enchanting place, the ground becomes uneven, the culture too uniform, the land barren, the men few, the women ugly, and the flocks lean; all nature, in short, degenerates. Going farther into Tuscany, I found Sienna, which has nothing remarkable, but the group of the three Graces placed in the middle of the vestry of the cathedral, between a dying Christ and a rising one. At their feet the priest prepares for mass: the Graces are quite naked.

On

On quitting Sienna, you find the land turned upside down; no culture, no flocks, no habitations, no men. There seem to end nature and Leopold.

After three hours march from mountain to mountain, from rock to rock, being arrived at the summit of Redicofani, chaos, a dreadful silence, and a desert, presented themselves before me: it was in the night; but the next day, in going down to Ronciglione, I found the dawn, the nightingale's song, the first branch of the hawthorn, valleys covered with verdure, the celebrated lake of Thrasymene, and Viterbo, quite in blossoms: But, lo! all on a sudden, by a new contrast, as if you were traversing the enchanted regions of Armida, under the finest sky that ever attracted admiration, nothing is stirring, nothing lives, nothing vegetates, and yet at a distance you see Rome!—a moment after you see—nothing. On these roads, formerly so frequented by kings and nations, from every corner of the world, where rolled triumphal cars, and which Roman armies overspread; on which the traveller met Cæsar, Cicero, Augustus, Mece-

mas,

nas, and Horace—I met but pilgrims and beggars. After penetrating at last through the desert, and the silent horrors of solitude, I found myself among some houses.—I could not help dropping a few tears.—I was in Rome!

Is this Rome! Rome, whose power formerly extended to the very extremity of Asia; is it a desert, is it Nero's tomb that announces it! No, this is no longer Rome; it is her skeleton: this country on which she lies, is her grave; and this populace, that swarm within her, are vermin which devour her.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

ROME.

I ARRIVED here yesterday very late in the evening, and could not close my eyes all night. The idea of—*thou art at Rome*, ran every moment in my mind. The ages, the emperors, the nations, and all that this mighty word ROME contains of grand, imposing, interesting, and awful, came out by turns, successively, or all at once, and environed the soul. I longed for the first rays of day, to shew me this ancient capital of the world.—And lo! I view it at last. I see the vast theatre, where human nature has been all that it ever can be; has done all it can ever do; has displayed all virtues, and all vices; has given birth to the sublimest heroes, and the most execrable monsters; has risen as high as Brutus, has fallen as low as Nero; and mounted again as high as Marcus Aurelius. The air I breathe, is the same that Cicero inhaled, when he delivered his eloquent orations; which.

which the Cæsars shook with so many imperious and terrible orders ; and the popes with so many enchanting words. On this ground how much blood has been spilt !—Within these walls how many tears have been shed !—And here too have Horace and Virgil repeated their beautiful productions !

Come, let me go—but whither ? I am in the midst of Rome, as if I were in the midst of the ocean. Three Romes, as well as three quarters of the world, present themselves, at the same time, to my view ; the Rome of Augustus, the Rome of Leo. X. and the Rome of the present pope. Which shall I visit first ?—They all call me at once—Where is the capitol ?—Where is the museum of Clement XIV. ?—Let me be led to Titus's arch—let me stop at the Pantheon—shew me the church of Santa Maria Maggiore—I want to see Raphael's picture of the transfiguration—I do not see the Apollo at the Belvedere ! How can one chuse at Rome ? Can the eye be kept long in a particular place ? I must begin to stroll from end to end, to wear off this first impatience

tience of seeing, which would actually prevent me from viewing with attention.

I am then at Rome! I am in that city on which the eyes of the universe are fixed!

There is not a stone here that does not conceal some precious knowledge; which may not serve to erect the history of Rome, and of the arts: interrogate them properly, for they speak.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

ROME.

I DEVOTED all the last evening to searching in modern Rome for the most interesting reliques of the ancient; those spared a little by the scythe of time, the axe of barbarism, or the flambeau of fanaticism—They have respected none. How few parts of this prodigious city remain inviolate! The pantheon and the coliseum are the two principal remains, but yet mutilated and degraded. Even in this state, however, they still preserve something so striking of their ancient splendor, and so much of the Roman, that the renown of Rome no longer astonishes—and that Rome still astonishes.

I directed my steps first to the pantheon, dedicated to all the gods by Agrippa, and to all the saints afterwards, by a pope, whose name I forget. It was this dedication that preserved the.

the pantheon from the general pillage, which the greatest part of the other temples have sustained. It has been stripped of all that enriched it; but every thing that rendered it grand and magnificent was left in it; it has lost its marble and porphyry; its alabaster and bronze; but its cupola, its peristyle and columns remain. The peristyle, how magnificent!—Eight grand Corinthian columns, on which rests the pediment of this immortal monument, forcibly attract your notice.

These columns embellished and ornamented by the harmony of the most perfect proportions, the most exquisite workmanship, and the amazing distance of twenty centuries, are extremely beautiful.

The eye is never tired with gazing on them; with them you mount in the air; with them you descend to the ground. They have something so animated that they present a compleat illusion—an elegant shape, a noble stature, and a majestic head, round which the acanthus is pleased to display its leaves, so elegant and so pliant

pliant at the same time, in a beautiful wreath, which, like that of monarchs, serves to deck altogether the august head, where it shines, and to conceal the immense burden that rests upon it. How well does architecture deserve a place among the fine arts, when it creates such monuments ; and when it furnishes to the eye a kind of harmonious concert ! The purity of forms is to the eye what the purity of sounds is to the ear. How simple and grand at the same time is the idea of this pediment and its eight columns ! The mind seizes and retains it like a beautiful verse of Corneille. It was not by the crash of a multitude of different and detached impressions, the Greeks endeavoured to interest, to move, and to indulge sensibility ; they employed only one ; but they chose a grand impression ; which they repeated many times, and modified as much as they could ; they modified it with all those fugitive shades of grandeur and degradation it was susceptible of. They indulge by this means two very singular caprices of sensibility, which, at once inactive and wishful, desires to retain the same sensation, and receive another emotion at the same time. Among the Grecians we find this system
of

of ideal beauty constantly realized in their architecture, their sculpture, their paintings, their music, their eloquence, their poetry, and even in the dresses and ornaments of their women. And in fact there exists but one sort of ideal beauty, as there exists but one poetry, and one logic : to compose that beauty, either with sounds, colours or forms, or, in short, with those combinations, so complicated and so astonishing, of forms, colours, and sounds, which are called sentiments and ideas. The Grecians were very happy in having found from the very beginning, the ideal beauty, the poetry, and the logic of all the *elegant arts* : their productions were almost all master-pieces. The moderns have not had this advantage ; and thus, whenever they have quitted the traces of the Grecians, they never made three steps together without falling, or going astray. This has been the case with Bernini, and Borromini, who by the side of elegant and perfect monuments, have raised others of so depraved and ridiculous a taste ! You need but compare with the Greek artists the greatest number of those of modern times.

The

The Greek artists were all more or less initiated in the principles of philosophy, poetry, and eloquence ; it was genius, who placed in their hands the chissel, the pencil, and the pen ; and not necessity. They chose, from these three different instruments, that which suited best their genius and their taste. They employed them often by turns. The *fine arts* were with them but the different dialects of the same language—the sacred language of the beautiful. They knew how to express the beautiful, even in bronze ; in the same manner that Gesner and Haller knew how to do it in German.

The ideas that flow confusedly in this letter, to-day, are those which meditation on the Pantheon, suggested to me, yesterday. In examining with what oeconomy and what prudence this monument is adorned, I saw that the Greeks thought, and very justly, that ornaments themselves were not permitted to be useless ; that the surface and the extremities alone of the necessary parts should be decorated ; and that the principal end, in short, of all ornaments, should be utility. It is, besides,

the source of a very sensible pleasure; one is astonished that so necessary a quality, should be at the same time so agreeable.

I must return to the peristyle; the imagination cannot be weary of contemplating it. All these stones were in blocks in the quarry; they are cut, drawn out, thrown on the ground, properly hewn, and I walk over them as I go by:—but Genius comes; he takes these stones, he places and arranges them—behold them at last in the air! The eye then, and the soul stand before them, seized with an emotion, a respect, and a pleasure, that both astonish and charm. It is thus that music acts with the detached sounds and accents of the human voice, in order to form of them those admirable and charming airs, which the heart sings with the voice, and still sings after them.—I do not regret the marble that lined once the pantheon. That sable colour of time diffusing a gloomy shade over it now, is surely worthy the brilliant colour in which it shone in remote times. We must forgive Time for carrying insensibly away a part of the surface of these columns; it puts some years in its place.

Lapse of time is true magnificence ! But we must not forgive Bernini for having placed these two steeples between the peristyle and the *rotonda*. The gate of the *rotonda* is the proper gate of a temple. It is a gate suitable to the pantheon : it is the gate through which were wont to flow torrents of nations, continually drawn thither by all the superstitions of the universe. As I step forward and advance towards the temple, my imagination more and more anticipates the presence of all the gods. But I enter—The gods are no longer there !—— The pantheon is deserted ! It is here that the Universal Cause was wholly represented in the collection of its different influences, allegorized, personified, and named divinities ! The allegorical veil that covered them was so fine, and time and habit had fixed it so close to their bodies, that the human eye could not, in length of time, distinguish it, separately. These influences of an Only Cause soon became real beings ; these beings afterwards, gods ; these gods, then men ; then these men, monsters ; and at last, before the brilliant light of philosophy, these monsters have become mere phantoms. What a change in this temple ! Where Venus

was adored, the Virgin is now worshipped! A God on a cross has taken the place of a god with the bolt in his hand!

The design of the pantheon is simple and grand. Its circular form has a happy effect. An immense cupola majestically arches over the perfect circle. But why these gold and marble trinkets? It is difficult to ascertain who has done the greater injury to this monument—the barbarians who stripped it, or the popes who decorated it.

Behold, then, the pantheon, which astonished the Roman imagination, but not that of Michael Angelo!—The pantheon which had been a *thought* in the Augustan age, and was in later ages, but one of Michael Angelo's ideas—the dome of his church of St. Peter! You admire, said he to the nations, the mass of the pantheon, and are astonished that the earth supports it—I will place it in the air. Michael Angelo's genius prompted these things, and his hand executed them. What a pity that modern taste has whitened the vaulted roof! This colour has too much assimilated

it to the earth.—Heavens! to whiten an ancient edifice! it is worse than to blacken a modern one. And it was Benedict XIV. who ordered such an injury to the pantheon! I leave to others the care of enumerating all the marbles, the porphyry, and the granite that enrich the interior parts of this noble structure. It possesses a far more precious treasure—the ashes of Raphael! Carlo Maratti has erected a tomb to Raphael, and Agrippa would have raised him an altar. This great man died in 1520, aged but 37.—Let us approach the tomb and read——

“ Ille hîc est Raphaël, timuit quo sospite
vinci

“ Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.”

Cardinal Bembo has indulged the suggestions of wit in these lines, and he should have indulged only the suggestions of grief. Why did he not confine them to these words?——

“ Hic est Raphael!” I had been to see some of Raphael’s works this very morning. Ah! how affecting the tomb of a great genius, after having just examined his productions!

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

ROME.

YESTERDAY being St. Lewis de Gonzaga's day, a Jesuit, a grand festival was held in St. Ignatius's church. I followed the crowd, and went to hear the *opera of vespers*, and to see the *illumination at the exposition of the host* (*Alla Benedizione*). These expressions perfectly suit what is generally done at Rome in grand solemnities. All the service is performed in music; the audience walk about the church, converse, and are merry together, crowding round the orchestras, as if at an assembly. There is not one day in the year without two or three of these *entertainments*, and all are equally resorted to. After *la Benedizione*, the usual way is to go to eat ice *sul corso*, a very handsome and well frequented street, or to sup with some ladies at a tavern, or to see some fire-works just by the church, exhibited by some devotee of the parish, or the protector of a convent. The in-

timate friends of the saint light up their houses.

The festival of St. Lewis of Gonzaga, is celebrated with distinguished marks of solemn pomp. In suppressing the Jesuits, the religious ceremonies of their churches were not altered in the least; their riches likewise have been preserved. The saint's chapel is not quite in the Roman, but in the Jesuits magnificent style. The altar is of massy silver, sculptured by a masterly hand: it is covered with *lapis lazuli* candlesticks. Before the altar there is an opening, in which, in the Jesuits' time, were thrown (and the custom still subsists) letters addressed to St. Lewis. He is generally humbly requested to present to God such and such a petition, and to make use of all his interest with the Almighty. The Jesuits had taken care to persuade the Italians, that St. Lewis of Gonzaga took a pleasure in doing it, and that he was upon such good terms with God, that he seldom failed of success. The good friars, in reality, never failed to succeed; for by these means they dive into the inmost secrets of families.

As

As the fore part of the altar had been removed, on account of the festival, I saw with my own eyes, a great number of letters in the box. One of them had been sent to the post office at that very instant: the superscription was to *St. Lewis of Gonzaga*; but they had forgotten to add—*till called for*.

The music, part of which was composed of those instruments they call *castrati*, who charm so much the delicate ear, and afflict so much the sensible heart, did not prevent me from examining the church. The cieling represents St. Ignatius in heaven at the feet of Jesus. He is surrounded by a crowd of disciples. The four quarters of the world are beneath him: troops of Jesuits led by angels, and holding swords, and flambeaux in their hands, quit the heavenly mansions, in order to go and preach the gospel. The four pannels of the dome represent each a selected massacre from the old testament. But the most remarkable circumstance is the inscription in great letters before the chief altar—*Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero*—the Jesuits have been destroyed, and the inscription remains. St. Lewis's sta-

tue by Le Gros, is a master-piece of sculpture: the saint himself is very fine. The Jesuits never failed, in their pictures and statues, to make use of this artful manner of alluring. They have likewise a St. Stanislaus, who is really charming. The Jesuits had remarked, that a young man makes a longer and a more fervent prayer at the feet of a beautiful virgin. They were acquainted with every avenue to the human heart.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

ROME.

THIS morning, as I was gently walking up a street that leads to the capitol, I met a coach with two recollect friars in it, one on the fore, the other on the back-seat, with something between their legs, which I could not distinguish. Every one, who was passing, immediately stopped, and pulled off their hats with the greatest respect. I asked whom all those salutations were intended for? I was answered, for the *bambino* (the baby) these good fathers are carrying to a prelate, who is very ill, and given over by his physicians. I had explained to me every thing concerning this *bambino*. It is an infant, a wooden Jesus, most richly dressed. The convent that has the good fortune to possess such a baby, has no other patrimony. The moment one is dangerously ill, somebody goes to fetch *il bambino*; but in a carriage, for he never goes on foot. Two friars accompany him, place him by the sick

person's side, and stay in the house at his expence, till he gets better, or dies. *Il bambino* is for ever abroad; they fight sometimes at the gate of the convent to obtain him—they often pull him to pieces, and chiefly in the summer, when he is extremely busy; although his price is a good deal higher then, in proportion to the heat of the season, and the demand there is for the *bambino*. This is but just and right.

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

ROME.

YESTERDAY, on quitting the pantheon, I went to the capitol. This noble place, which once ruled the universe, where Jupiter had his temple, and Rome her senate; and whence the Roman eagles continually flew to every part of the world, and continually returned to it from all parts of the earth on the wings of victory; whence a word, fallen from the lips of Scipio, of Pompey, or of Cæsar, ran instantly to threaten the liberty of nations, and to decide the fate of kings; where, in short, the greatest men of the republic breathed, after their death, in those statues, which still exercise a Roman authority over the universe. Well! this renowned and splendid place has lost its statues, its senate, its citadel, and its temples; it has only preserved its name, cemented with the blood and tears of so many nations, that time has not yet been able to disunite the immortal syllables that compose it—

it is still called the capitol. It is in the capitol one can see the littleness of every thing human; and, on the contrary, the greatness and the mighty power of fortune. I am trying to find out the place where stood the citadel. The Tarpeian rock is almost under ground. No compensation can be obtained for the ravages that have destroyed so many grand monuments, but in a museum, which is just by, where the popes have assembled some of their wrecks—it stands before the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. This statue is of bronze; it is the handsomest that has remained of the ancients—Michael Angelo has made a pedestal.—This statue has been much censured, and not without reason. This horse, I will allow, is too short, too heavy, and too thick—but he lives, he walks, he runs.

LETTER

LETTER L.

ROME.

I TOOK a walk yesterday, and made it very interesting—I directed my steps towards the *Via Appia*, without the gates of the town—and in order to go to it, I was obliged to pass through one of the suburbs, now the most desert, and once the best inhabited, nay, the most brilliant, quarter of Rome—it was, and is still, called *Velabro*. This end of the town is almost reduced again to that condition, in which Tibullus represents it in one of his elegies. At the end of *Velabro* I found myself in the *Via Appia*, and walked a pretty good way in it. I met the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the daughter of that Crassus, who equivoiced by gold, the name of Pompey and the fortune of Cæsar. This celebrated monument, dedicated by a tender father to the memory of his daughter, is a round tower : its circumference is very extensive ; all its upper part is destroyed ; it had long served as a fortress in the civil wars

of Italy ; and is still surrounded with barracks, that are falling to ruin. I entered the tomb, and sat there on the grass. The flowers, that in a corner of the tomb, as if under the shade of death, displayed the brilliancy of their colours ; a swarm of bees sheltered between the two rows of bricks ; the honey they distilled there, the sweet buzzing of their drony flight, that was gently raised from the bosom of silence, and came to divert my musing thoughts—the azure tints of the heavens, that formed a magnificent vault, painted by silver and purple clouds, jostling and flying by turns ; the name of Cecilia Metella, who was perhaps both beautiful and sensible, yet perhaps unhappy ; the recollection of Crassus ; the image of a desponding father, who tries by heaping stones upon stones, to eternize his grief ; those soldiers my imagination still perceived fighting on the top of that rock—all this, and a thousand other impressions, which I cannot describe, name, or delineate, plunged my soul by degrees into a delicious reverie. It was with reluctance I quitted this tomb.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

ROME.

I HAVE no time to enter the museum this evening—I long to see the forum—it cannot be far off, for it stretched from the Palatine hill, where Rome rose, and the capitoline, where Rome is buried.—How! the forum once covered with temples, with palaces, and with triumphal arches; formerly the centre of Rome, and consequently of the whole world; the theatre of so many revolutions which changed at first the universe for Rome, and afterwards Rome for the universe—is this the mighty forum! Resting on the wall where the tables of the laws were fixed; standing on the prison, where Catiline's accomplices were led to death the moment Cicero had spoken; leaning on the stump of one of the columns belonging to the temple of Jupiter Tonans, I begin to look and examine—the eye, wandering in this vast enclosure, can seize but wrecks of capitals, entablatures, and pilasters, the
greatest

greatest part of which have lost both the form and the name—it passes over six columns of the Temple of Concord, on the pediment of that of Jupiter Stator, on the portico of that of Antoninus and Faustina, on the walls of the public treasury, on Septimius Severus' arch, under the vaults of one of the temples of peace, through the ruins of Nero's gilded palace, and reposes at last on a Corinthian column of white marble, that rises alone in the middle of the vast extent of the ancient forum. What mighty changes!—In this place where Cicero spoke, herds are lowing!—what was called by the universe the Roman forum, is now called at Rome *Campo Vaccino*! (the cow field).

I should never be tired of running over the extent of the forum; I went with new curiosity from one heap of ruins to another, from an entablature to a column, from Septimius Severus' arch, to that of Titus. Here I sat on the shaft of a pillar—there on a pediment—a little farther on a pilaster. I felt a kind of pleasure in treading upon Roman grandeur—I was pleased with striding over Imperial Rome.

LETTER

LETTER LH.

TIVOLI.

I AM this moment arrived at Tivoli, but it is night—no matter ;—here I am, and shall awake to-morrow at Tivoli.

The moon already shews me, through the window of the room I am to pass the night in, the temples of Vesta and of the Sybil. It enables me to discover, just opposite to my window, that Anio which will eternally resound in the noble lines of Horace. I long for the sun to shew me those temples and that cascade. I love this noise ; it shakes my soul as it does that mountain.

How pleased am I in listening to the Anio ! it roars, it falls, it thunders, it falls again ! The night enjoys no silence here. How this river, precipitating from so great a height, breaks itself into one entire mass of foam ! How it causes fair Cynthia's rays to recoil upon those trees,
upon

upon those hills, on that abyss, and on those
 beautiful Corinthian columns of the temple of
 Vesta, clad with the softest and purest light !—
 Where are ye, painters !—Where are ye, poets !

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

TIVOLI.

AS I cannot close my eyes, I will endeavour to entertain you with an account of my journey.

I fet out from Rome about four o'clock in the afternoon, with a Polish nobleman, who has travelled many a league in Europe, during the lapse of ten years; and a French phyfician, who has spent juft as many years in the fame manner. I went, firft, fourteen miles, through a dufty folitude, and tombs, that is to fay, across the Campania of Rome. I was on the Roman road, called *Via Tiburtina*. All of a sudden a fmell of sulphur affects us; a few steps farther, it furrounds us; the ground grows black: the verdure of the plants and bufhes, compelled by the fpring to vegetate, is half dried up, the wild rofe opens itfelf, and dies. We followed that fuphureous fmell; we arrived at a lake full of a blueifh water, which begins to bubble, the
momnet

moment the smallest pebble is thrown into it. Several little islands are seen floating, covered with reeds; they are portions of the earth undermined by the water.

The vapour that rises from this lake, and skims upon its surface, is fatal to the birds; they pass over it, die, and fall. Two unhappy wretches, however, live on the Solfatara: thus is the lake called. The curiosity of travellers furnishes them wherewithal to eat, sleep, and get drunk: how pale! how faint! how emaciated they are! but these poor fellows do not think.

We quit as fast as possible the banks of the Solfatara Lake, and go on towards Tivoli. At the foot of some mountains we met several ruins; amongst them a tomb stands foremost. It is a square tower, very well preserved. On one of its fronts is represented a triumphal monument erected to Plautia.

A triumphal monument, and a tomb, just by the side of each other, furnish a subject for reflection. Glory by the side of death! But behold me at last at Tivoli!—Of what consequence

is

is it, that there is a bishop, with eight curates, and eighteen hundred people at Tivoli? Where is the Anio, with its cascades?—Is the temple of Vesta still there?

I ask where Propertius,—where Cynthia,—where Zenobia,—where Lesbia,—and where thou, charming Horace, dwelt? They shew me where the Carthusians, the Capuchins, and the curate of the parish live. Farewell till to-morrow.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

TIVOLI.

THE sun is up: away! let us run to see the cascade. The Anio gently flows on a smooth even bed, laving on one side a town proudly seated on its banks; on the other some noble elms, nodding their solemn shade over its waves: thus calm, majestic, and peaceful, does the stream advance! On a sudden, growing impetuously furious, it wholly breaks against the rocks—it foams—it gushes—starts back—and breaks again in violent swells, that dash against one another, intermingle, and rebound from the surface—the surges cover, for a moment, an immense rock, which the roaring torrent half opens, and precipitately falls into a secret gulph.

Where is the Anio now!—At the distance of two hundred yards and upwards, the particles of those broken waves besprinkle me over, nay, wet me all over, and actually form, at more than
than

than two hundred yards distance, in every sense, an incessant shower.

But hark ! I still hear its rumbling waves ! I am led to Neptune's grotto. There a rocky mountain hangs over the dreadful abyfs, hollow within, from high and tremendous vaults ; it is supported by two enormous arcades.

Through these arcades, and between the many rainbows, that form semi-circles in them, as they cross one another ; and through those plants, and the moss, that hang in festoons from their brows, I perceive again the furious waves, still falling on rocky points, still breaking and rushing against one another : they bound, they urge, they fight, they plunge, they disappear, and enter at last the vast abyfs !

Listen with attention to the thunder which these bounding surges cause to roll ! Harken to the universal rebounding from that quarter, and to the solemn silence all around it ! Those torrents, that height, those rocks, hanging from a precipice ; some of them darkened by ages, others made verdant by the heaving moss, and the rest bristled up with briars, thorns, and wild plants
of

of every kind ; those scattered rays of the sun that break and dance upon the rock, in the water, and among the flowers ; those birds affrighted, and kept at a distance, by the tumults of the waves, which prevent the hearing of their melodious notes,——all, all affect me, trouble, and enchant me !

You certainly came hither more than once, charming Horace, to delight your fancy, and to tune your lyre !

LETTER

LETTER LV.

TIVOLI.

I write to you at this instant before *Le Cascatelle*, where I have been sitting this hour, under an ancient olive-tree, busy in contemplating, and listening to, the murmurs of these limpid waves.

The way to these cascades is really charming. You walk under lofty poplars, and majestic planes, intermixed with fig and mulberry trees. The most verdant turf, and the most fragrant flowers, are under your feet—the concert of a thousand birds is heard in the neighbouring woods, with the trampling of horses coming down the mountains; flocks appear feeding on their summits, whitened by the richness of their fleecy treasure; the silver sound of their bells tinkles in the air.

Behold! on a sudden the temple of *Vesta* and that of the *Sybil* appear! With what trans-

ports does the eye wander around these beautiful columns! with what extasy does it gaze!—but one could wish to place them a little farther back, for they incline too much over the precipice. How picturesque the effect of those briars, those ivies, and of all those other creeping plants, which vie with the Corinthian Acanthus, in adorning and crowning those columns! But behold me opposite *Le Cascatelle*! I prefer it to the grand cascade, to Neptune's Grotto, and to every piece of water within my recollection.

The hills form a beautiful crown to the town; and the town, in its turn, to the hill. How gently the hillock descends, swelling with harvests of every kind! There a corn-field;—yonder an orchard;—a little farther arbours covered with vines;—and all on a sudden, in the midst of these variegated smiling verdures, rushes an impetuous torrent, that soon parts into five rivers, which, through five different channels, are either spouting, running, or falling: at the bottom, they meet other swelling waves, that flow from all sides, to re-unite in the enamelled lawn.—It was here, no doubt, that Propertius was wont to come to

pour out his sweetly-pensive soul, and compose his tender lines—it was here he brought in the evening his beautiful Cynthia; here he took pleasure in shewing and describing to her this charming scene; to direct her wandering looks to those waves that rise in sheaves; to those currents that glide in silver streams; to that perennial rainbow; to that moss, fed by the sprinklings of the Anio; and to that amazing number of shrubs, incessantly shaking at the motion of the waters, rapidly passing around them, while she reclined her languishing and vanquished arm upon the shoulders of her pleasing instructor and delightful poet.

Was it not here, before these identical cascades, that thy Muse, Horace, enraptured with the same scenes, celebrated in such glowing lines the charms of Tivoli? Read them again, for they can well bear a second reading:—

“ Me neque tam patiens Lacedemon,

“ Nec tam Larissæ peroussit campus opimæ,

“ Quàm domus Albunæ resonantis,

“ Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lacus, et uda

“ Mollibus pomaria rivis ?”

And thou Zenobia ! and thou Lesbia ! Was it not to this delicious spot ye were wont to come—the one to seek some consolation for the loss of a crown—unfortunate Zenobia ! and the other for the loss of her favourite sparrow.—Tender hearted Lesbia !—What a coolness !—What a calm !—What a solitude ! and at the same time how fine a day !—A fine day is truly a holiday which heaven gives to the earth. O my wife ! my children !—all that I love, in short—why are you not here at this instant ?—I am sure you would be happy. It would be impossible for my little Fanny, for Adelina, for Adrian, and for Eleanor, to tread on all this grass, and to gather all these flowers.

Farewell, delightful valley, and bewitching cascade ! farewell ye hanging rocks, and vivid moss ! Adieu ye verdant shrubs, and ye wild flowers ! in vain ye try to retain me : I am a stranger ; I do not inhabit your beautiful Italy ; I shall never see you again !—perhaps my children, some of them at least, may come to visit you one day—be as charming to them as ye appear to their father.

Yes !

Yes!—Ye must come, my children, and sit under this ancient olive-tree, where I am now; it is the tree that stands nearest the precipice; it is opposite a rock; under this tree you will best enjoy all the ravishing scenes of this enchanting site.—Again farewell, you charming waves! your foaming, your murmuring, your freshness; the trouble and the tranquillity ye cause at once in my breast—all I see, hear, and feel around you, I shall not cease to regret in the bosom of my family, and my friends—not those marbles and bronzes, nor the canvas and monuments, so much boasted of, and admired by the world.—Ye are Nature—they are but Art.

LETTER LVI.

TIVOLI.

ON my returning to Tivoli this morning, after having left *Le Cascatelle*, I met some labourers, who were driving the ploughshare through stumps of columns. I went out of the way for a moment, and penetrated under the remains of some porticos, that had once supported palaces of marble and now are in fields which bear olive-trees.

Here we are at Tivoli, my companions and I, in the Temple of the Sybil, where a dinner was prepared and waiting for us. A good appetite, wholesome dishes, the mind present to the place we were in, which exhibited, on the right, hills covered with verdure; on the left mountains bristled up with rocks; before us the Anio, breaking into an entire mass of froth; over our heads one of the purest skies of azure tint, forming a noble arch, and reposing on a circular row of Corinthian columns
of

of white marble; silver and purple clouds, that passed under the arch, and illuminated it as they passed. In this situation we recited, alternately, some lines of Horace and Propertius; and at the close of our repast, a charming girl of Tivoli brought us milk, pure and white as her own fine teeth, together with strawberries, that vied in colour with the natural vermilion of her lips; she blushed at our smiles, and our attentive looks. The noise of the river often stole away the sound of our voices: our names we graved on a stone, and addressed to our friends, if they should happen to come one day to visit this temple.

These united pleasures made me enjoy, during this rural dinner, one of the most delicious hours of my life. But pleasures are attended with pain—Alas! I must quit Tivoli.

K 4

LETTER

LETTER LVII.

ROME.

A TERRIBLE fire broke out yesterday, during the night, in St. Peter's Place, just by the Vatican. It happened at that hour, when old men and children are asleep, but mothers and the unhappy still awake.

Never flames burnt more voraciously than those; they threatened to devour the whole city of Rome. Irritated by an impetuous wind, the flames grew violent in an instant. The extreme darkness of the night seemed to give additional light to the conflagration. What moving scenes were rendered visible by that tremendous and wide-extended fire!—I can see and hear every thing. The shrieks of mothers, in agony and despair, rend the bleeding heart—I had spent the evening in the neighbourhood of the Vatican, and was returning to my lodging at Piazza di Spagna.

On

On entering St. Peter's Place, I perceived the flames, which darting from the poor man's dwelling, they had already nearly consumed, were mounting, in wreaths, around twenty marble columns, to the top of the Vatican. I was alone, and I must own, that fancying I was present at some magnificent spectacle, the heart felt a kind of enjoyment; but a moment after a youth, carrying on his shoulders a venerable old man, happened to pass by me. From the manner this young man looked round him, and tried the ground with his wary steps, taking care not to shake the beloved burden, I soon discovered he was carrying his father. This aged sire, suddenly snatched from repose and the flames, not knowing where he is, whence he came, whither he is going, or what can be the matter, remained in a kind of stupor; a young child, in the mean time, goes before them, who turns every now and then his frightened looks towards them.

A woman, rather old, and almost naked, with an air of indifference painted on her countenance through grief, follows behind, carrying the old man's cloaths.

I was following them with looks of compassion, when I saw not far off another young man, who, quite naked, hurried by the flames that pursued him, his hands holding fast by the bars of a window, all on fire, and hanging with all the weight of his body along the wall, was measuring with his eyes the place on the pavement, on which he might fall with the least danger.

To have a fair view of a mother's heart, it is by the light of a conflagration! How anxiously, from the top of a terrace, does that terrified wife tender to her husband, who is in the street, the dear pledge of their love! She bends almost half way—she bends still more forward—the infant yet in her arms, or at her bosom, or at her lips—at last between the extended arms of the mother, and the extended arms of the father, the child asleep in his cradle—I turned aside, and ran way.

I had already crossed the Place, when I met, flying from a palace all in flames, a lady of a majestic shape and Roman beauty, still clad in her magnificent robes, melting into tears, and
holding

holding by the hand before her, two naked children. The youngest of them, on seeing his mother in tears, wept also: his sister, of a charming and noble figure, benumbed with gold, tried to cover, and even to veil over, her young and tender body with her delicate chaste hands and arms.—Unhappy mother!—another child was surely missing—she had two by the hand, and yet she wept!

In the mean time, the croud of rich and poor people, of old men, children, soldiers and priests, were incessantly increasing. They rolled from one end of the Place to the other, like a sea agitated by a storm. They enter St. Peter's church, and come out again; they re-enter, are pressed to death, and fall! I saw pass by me, carried by four soldiers, on their sabres cross-wise, a young woman, who had just fainted away. How beautiful she was! The light of the flames was gliding round her pale countenance: she shone in the brilliancy of the tears fallen from her beauteous lids, and resting on her cheeks. But in all this dreadful, and truly terrific scene, what inspired me with the greatest horror, was the silence that reigned in those intervals when

the wind was still—Anon, on every side were heard stifled sighs, rising throbs, and deep groans, the crackling of the devouring flames, the crash of the noble edifices that every now and then were sinking, the cries of mothers, and ———

I went out of the Place, and behold! at one of the windows of the Vatican, just by the spot where the fire was most violent, behold a cross! Behold in his pontifical robes, accompanied by his priests, the sovereign pontiff!—The croud instantly announce his presence by shouting, and falling on their knees. The pontiff is instantly surrounded by a hundred thousand faces in tears, and twenty thousand arms extended in prayer. The pontiff lifts up his eyes to heaven, and prays—the people cast theirs down, and join in the prayers.

Can you conceive the effect of the hurricane, of the combustion, and of the prayers, murmuring, as if in concert, in this awful, profound, and religious silence!

But

But how shall I describe a scene that presented itself to my aching eyes at this instant!—On the steps of the cathedral, a mother, quite alone, abandoned by every body, pressing with her fervent hands those of her little infant, kneeling by her side, were joined with complacency, and disposed in a form for prayer. Behind them a young woman, with her hair dishevelled, standing and melting into tears, was uplifting, in the fervour of all her grief (and no doubt of her love) her pathetic hands towards the pontiff; while, on the contrary, at the feet of this young and interesting woman, another, seated with her back to the Vatican, and the pontiff, neither weeping nor praying, looked at her with an air of astonishment—no wonder—her child was playing at her bosom.

The pontiff has ended his prayer—he rises—The people look at him with eyes of earnest expectation. Serene in his countenance, with a voice full of hope, the pontiff then pronounces the sacred words, and sheds his blessing on the prostrate multitude. On a sudden, whether it be owing to a miracle, or as if by miracle,

miracle, the last words of the benediction were still in the air, when the winds had quitted it, the flame falls on the flame, the smoke rises in black clouds, envelops the combustion, smothers it, and restores its darkness to the night. — How admirable is that master-piece of Raphael, which is seen in the Vatican!

And there a young woman, with her hair dishevelled, glowing and melting into tears, weeping in the fervour of all her grief, (and no doubt of her love) her pathetic looks towards the pontiff; whilst on the contrary, at the feet of this young and melting woman, another, seated with her back to the Vatican, and the pontiff, neither weeping nor praying, looked at her with an air of astonishment—what wonder!—her child was playing at her bosom.

The pontiff has ended his prayer—he rises—The people look at him with eyes of earnest desire. He turns in his countenance, with a voice full of hope, the pontiff then pronounces the sacred words, and sheds his blessing on the prostrate multitude. On a sudden, whether it be owing to a miracle, or as it by miracle,

LETTER LVIII.

FRASCATI.

FRASCATI was the ancient Tullulum; and the moment I arrived at it, they proposed to carry me to see the three celebrated villas, Panfili, Mondragona, and Ludovisi. No, said I, carry me to Tully's villa. Unluckily it exists not now; the very remembrance of the spot it stood upon, is effaced from all living memory.

I was therefore reduced to the necessity of visiting these villas. I have seen their waters, their trees, and their palaces; I would not wish to see them again. I can easily conceive that these places may be agreeable to the Romans; they have no others: but neither these waters, these woods, nor these lawns, can attract the notice of a traveller, who has breathed the freshness of Maupertuis' vale; wandered, with gladsome steps, in the romantic, rural walks of the villa of Ermenon; or mused in the

the pensive paths of the Desert; a traveller who has visited those delightful retreats which the Loire, the Seine, the Dordogne, the Saone, and twenty other noble rivers in France, display with emulation on their banks.

The palaces of Frascati are immense; but they are only mere heaps of stones. They have been successively stripped of the statues and pictures that rendered them inhabited.

The gardens are in a terrible condition. The waters, it is true, still descend from all the upper mountains, pure, fresh, and in abundance; yet no sooner are they in these gardens, but instead of letting them run, murmur, and flow from rock to rock, from lawn to lawn, as nature had designed them, they are imprisoned in basons and canals, whence they can never make their escape but through cascades, water-jets, and fountains, that pour them out gush by gush, limit all their spouts, and seem to regulate their very murmurs.— In short, these noble waves, destined by nature to inspire the poet's genius, to nourish the contemplation of the sensible man, and to invite

vite the soft repose of the voluptuous, are meanly degraded by the oddest conceits in forming water-embellishments, and trifles, fit only to amuse children. The Italians, however, with all their unnatural taste, are not able to destroy these charming situations, or disguise these romantic aspects: they cannot dry up the source of the perennial sap that decks these hills with ever-smiling verdure: these charming retreats are left open to all the zephyrs, and every gentle wind; to the genial rays of a beautiful day, and to the birds, whose constant strains are love.

The prospect that struck me most is from the terrace of Villa Mondragone. On the left your eye reposes on a hill that cuts entirely the horizon, and advances to the middle of the plain, like a curtain drawn before it. This hill, of most gentle ascent and descent to the view, displays, in the form of an amphitheatre, the re-united treasures of the most luxuriant vegetation: on its sides, plants bearing all sorts of flowers, yielding different shades, and displaying luxuriance of foliage: at its feet, innumerable families of shrubs and bushes, climbing

ing and falling again in clusters, in festoons, and in bunches of yellow, purple, and gold. Its brilliant summit is covered with the most verdant, and pyramidical pines, with the dark cypresses uplifting their heads, and the pale olive-trees bending their pliant tops.

On the right of the terrace is represented quite a different view: the lake Regilus, on the borders of which Rome obtained the first of all her victories; the hills of Tivoli, so often visited by Catullus and Lesbia; the fields tilled by old Cato; the marshy tract which once formed the gardens of Lucullus, and the rising grounds on which Cicero *thought*.

Within the space of these two prospects, I embraced at one view, the Campania of Rome, at my feet; the extent of the heavens, over my head; the sun's course, before me; and at the extremities of the horizon, Rome, the Appennines, and the sea.

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

ROME.

THE artists of antiquity had a considerable advantage over those of modern times, in representing heroes and gods; they lived in the midst of fable, familiarized, from their infancy, with the different beings of mythology, they knew each of them by their veils: they called them by their names, and had actually learned by heart the living language of allegory. Thus early habituated to speak this symbolical language, it was not difficult for them, in the sequel, to write it correctly with the chissel, the pencil, or the pen, on paper, canvas, or bronze.

The modern artists, on the contrary, so distant from this peculiar animation of the fable, on account of so many ages and prejudices, and so great a difference of manners, cannot distinguish the raiment that covered it, nor are able to separate it from the naked.

What

What an embarrassment, what a trouble must it be to them, whenever they have occasion to comprehend, or translate, the beauties of fabling antiquity ! What the ancients saw, with their own eyes, every day, the moderns must view in their mind's eye ; what the former learned, the latter must imagine ; the moderns, in short, must weave again the torn veil of mythology.

The ancient artists had no less the advantage over the moderns in representing naked nature, than in expressing the covering of the fable.

Nature actually offered to them every moment her naked charms, at their festivals, their games, and their combats.

With us, on the contrary, obliged, on account of our climate and manners, to avoid, at all times, exposing nakedness to view, it is but seldom we can surmise it, and then in defiance of climate and manner, which, after all, do not deprive our eyes of the indulgence of enjoying the beauties of naked nature, but
for

for the purpose of substituting the charms of modesty.

Besides, were not the ancient artists more happily situated than the modern, for representing beauty? Did they not live in a climate, the favourite of heaven, the creator of beauty? in a religion of love that adored it? under manners that required it of all the *beaux arts*? Did they not live, in short, among a people who made a merit of beauty, and recompensed a beautiful woman, as they rewarded a great man?

These reflections came to my mind yesterday, in examining two Hercules's designed by two young artists. I said to one of them, you fancy you have drawn a Hercules, because you have given him a largeness of stature, and added large arms, large legs, and a large head.—You have drawn a Colossus.—To the other I said, you have designed an attitude full of strength, an action full of energy, and the most vigorous manly body; you thought you had drawn Hercules; he is but a wrestler.—What should we have done, then, replied the young artists, to represent Hercules?—First of all we must agree in
this

this one point, answered I, very necessary, very simple, and generally neglected; that is to say, you must know, above all, what you intend to do;—you must certainly know what Hercules is. If I consult the history of heroes and gods in the fable of Hercules, it is impossible not to distinguish at his birth the labours, the exploits, the death, the immortality of Hercules, of that Hercules, the son of Jupiter, the conqueror of tyrants and monsters, supporting the world on his shoulders, spinning at the feet of Omphale, and marrying Hebe.—It is impossible, I say, not to distinguish strength—strength, that great principle of acting nature, through which the universe lives and exists; which obeys only beauty, and is joined only to youth.

If I interrogate afterwards the genius of allegory, what are in his language, the proper expressions to paint to our eyes this abstract being? The genius of allegory points out, first of all, the greatest strength of which the human body is capable. He shews me then the symbol of this mighty strength, which is not in the developement of forms, signifying bulk, nor

in the robustness of the limbs, which implies weight and bulk; nor in the roughness of the features, that proclaims ferocity; nor even in the energetic tension of the muscles, which, far from expressing strength, exhibits unnatural efforts; but in the articulated enunciation of all the re-united symbols of an extended, universal, abundant, and active life; that is, in the developement, the suppleness, and the projection of all the veins, through which flows life, under the entire surface of the human frame.

Thus, in the design on which I propose to form the statue of Hercules, I begin by drawing, out of this marble block, a body neither old nor young, but completely formed, and in full virility; not Colossean, but vigorous; not maffy, but robust; there he is! but he shines not yet with the hero's beauty, nor does he breathe the divinity of a god.

Leaving then nature now, and taking the ideal beautiful for a guide, I measure, dispose, and proportion all the members of this body: I supple all these muscles that roughen it; I
+ smooth

smooth all these veins that wrinkle it; and, in short, by a succession of insensible gradations, I draw, over its whole surface, a projecting, and yet undulating line, which stamps a form wherever it rests, and leaves a contour wherever it touches. But the most difficult part remains to be done; an action must be chosen. The choice must be difficult indeed, exclaimed the young artists, amongst the many labours and exploits which the life of Hercules presents! Let him smother a hydra, overthrow a giant, or tear a lion, each of these proofs of strength will equally proclaim a Hercules.

Far be it from me, young men, to represent Hercules in any of his heroic labours. Has not the sight only of this body already told them to you? Do not you conceive, merely by looking at his arm, that all tyrants, all monsters, must instantly feel the arm of Hercules and death?

Do not you perceive, in short, that any action might render doubtful the strength of Hercules, by recurring to mighty efforts; and the god be suspected of possessing the attributes of human nature? But if my chissel has no more
strength

strength to add to this body, what remains, is to express how far this strength is natural, that is to say, how divine it is. This effect is not to be obtained either by the developement of forms, or by acts of vigour, but by contrasts alone. It is the contrasts that shew what is but just appearing, and give a brilliancy to what is but just shewn: they alone detach, on the uniform ground of extent, that immense croud of beings, which they light, terminate, and separate.

Without contrasts, the whole universe would be but an individual being. I will endeavour, therefore, to animate this sublime body with the most striking contrast; and behold in what attitude he shall appear, starting from the marble. His body upright, all his veins, muscles, and limbs, in perfect ease; his breast unruffled and even; his legs carelessly across before him; his left arm leaning on a club, holding behind his back, in that hand, with which he had just stifled the dragon of the Hesperides, three golden apples.—On his finewy and flexible neck, he boldly carries towards the heavens, and gracefully inclines towards the earth, his noble head; serenity in his countenance, and

majesty in his features ; the peace of his soul, and of the world, appears in his bending brow ; in his eyes a musing look, and on his lips a smile.

Chiffel, enough !—This marble is Hercules !—It is the Hercules of the Farnese Palace, exclaimed the young artists in an instant ; it is true, said I, this is the Hercules of the Farnese Palace, one of the immortal miracles of the Grecian chiffel. What reasoning, what sensibility, what genius, must have been united in the artist, the poet, the scholar, and the philosopher, who conceived and executed the bold design of allying to beauty, the essential object of all the fine arts, not only some of those sympathetic qualities, that in a certain manner require its alliance—such as tenderness, which seems to be another species of beauty ; or youth, which is the flower of it ; or innocence, which adorns it ; or pride that enobles it ; or grief that renders it sublime—but strength, which one might be inclined to think, was totally incongruous with beauty.

Could

Could one better comprehend strength, than this sublime artist has done? Could one have better discriminated it from effort, and even from vigour, which so nearly resembles it? See, in fact, how skilfully each of these muscles is raised! How none are stretched! The body does not repose, it is only in a kind of repose; it does not lean, it is only in a leaning posture; the head is of an ordinary size; the arms alone are powerful! But what seems still more wonderful to me is, the display of profound science, and the happy choice of contrasts. The great artist was thoroughly sensible, that the most proper contrast, to enhance the qualities of strength, was a natural tranquillity, the attribute of strength; a characteristic softness; and the quality of majesty, a becoming smile.

In short, there is not a stroke of the chissel in all this marble that does not discover a *trait* of genius.

LETTER LX.

ROME.

WHY should I not mention to you the state of that flower at Rome, which has so much value set upon it in every country in the world, and is so highly prized by all mankind ; before which, the heart of a youth begins to beat ; the imagination of a man is inflamed, when nothing else can warm it ; and of which the recollection sometimes softens old age, and makes it smile.—Why should I not speak of the beauty of the Roman ladies ?

Beauty is as rare here as it is elsewhere. Nature often fails here in the formation of a woman, to produce that charming combination of colours and forms, which the eye of man requires when he looks at a woman.

Nature rarely reaches the perfection of beauty, but in the design of the visage, and that of the hand. It gives but the outlines of the

shape, and the chest is seldom finished. The foot chiefly is missed, and no wonder, for nature does no longer produce, with equal happiness, all sorts of flowers in every part of the globe. They pretend that it compensates this negligence, or defect of industry, in regard to the Roman fair, by the perfection of their shoulders; but, I believe, that if the Roman shoulders appear more beautiful, it is simply owing to their being more apparent; besides, the *embonpoint* perhaps, which commences rather early with the women in this country, may actually help to embellish them. Let it be as it will, nature could not better assort, nor more skilfully place, the forehead, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the chin, the ears, and the neck; it could not employ purer, softer, or more correct forms; all the details are finished, and the *tout ensemble* accomplished. What a complexion! it is a mixture of lilies and roses. What a vermilion! A gentle blush seems constantly to adorn that fair one's cheeks. A fine Roman head will always astonish you, and the whole of the *traits* will strike your heart: the first look seizes the beautiful image, and the least trace of it afterwards recalls it to the mind. But as every thing has

its allay in this sublunary world, if a Roman woman receives from nature that elegant, majestic beauty which astonishes, and forces admiration, she does not obtain from her, the grace that penetrates, and which to be loved, requires only to be seen. If she possesses those permanent charms, that form of a beautiful woman only a beauty; those fugitive graces are wanting, which, out of one lovely person, forms twenty. In vain will you contemplate that countenance for a whole day, those beautiful eyes have but one aspect; and those sweet lips but one smile; you will never see, on that pure and serene countenance, the traces of pleasure or uneasiness; never will those features, accomplished as they are, appear gently curled as a limpid stream, at the insensible motion of a tender sentiment, or a delicate thought.

But after all, it is very difficult for a truly sensible woman to be perfectly handsome! Sensibility necessarily deranges, by its emotions, the proportions of the figure: but, in return, it bestows a physiognomy in the room of beauty. It is very rare to find at Rome an interesting

teresting figure, that moves you; or, more properly speaking, that has a soul. But what fine hands!—and fine hands are so beautiful! so rare!—Beauty among the Roman fair blows quickly, and all at once; the rose has no buds here. A Roman girl is in full beauty at fifteen; and as she does not enliven it by exercise, neglects it by her indolent gait and attitudes, and stupifies it with too much sleep, the *embonpoint* in a short time over-nourishes every feature, and disproportions every form; and I dare say it is to this soft indolence, that fades, in so short a time, all the delicacies of her figure, that she owes those beautiful shoulders she displays so lavishly, and with so much pride, to the eyes of her gazing admirers. Another reason why beauty passes so rapidly away at Rome, is, that it keeps always confined, always in the shade. Beauty, like other flowers, stands in need of the sun's beneficent rays.

I must not forget to say a few words on the voice of the Roman ladies, for that is an article of great consequence to the sex. Of what importance is not the voice of a woman!—that of the fair inhabitants of Rome resembles

their figure ; it is fine, but wants animation : it has sometimes the tender expression of feeling, but scarcely ever its accents—in short, let a Roman lady sing before you, her voice will not rise from her heart, nor die away in yours. There are some exceptions, however, to all I have been just saying of the Roman beauties. I know three exceptions—Theresa, Rosalinda, and Palmira P—. It is true, that continually passing their days with foreigners, in their father's house, the coquetry of their own sex, and theirs, are constantly on the wing. Theresa is Armida in miniature, Palmira would have resembled Herminia in Herminia's time, and Rosalinda possesses something of all those women, who please in every part of the world. The least motion of her eye-lids is accompanied by a grace ; the least motion of her lips produces a heavenly smile—all the three sisters are very accomplished : they dance—with such ease ! they sing—with such expression !—but no more of Roman beauties. One must not lay the finger on the down of flowers, nor breathe too long upon them.

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

ROME.

I ENTERED a church, and read
on a column the following bull :

*Ten years indulgence to every one who shall
pray for the king of France.*

It was in all probability in the reign of
Lewis XI. that the pope published this bull.

LETTER LXII.

ROME.

I HAVE been rambling again this morning through modern Rome, in search of the remains of the ancient. All that could be disinterred of ancient Rome is found mutilated by the barbarians, by fanaticism, or by time. The Italians preserve, however, these few relics with the greatest care: not through taste, or respect for antiquity, but merely through avarice. It is these precious remains, in fact, that attract, from all corners of the world, that croud of foreigners, whose curiosity has supported, for a long time, three quarters of Italy. The Italians preserve these ruins, as beggars preserve their wounds. I felt a peculiar sensation on entering the mausoleum of Augustus, and walking in it. This magnificent palace of death contained a vast number of apartments; each member of Augustus's family had his own. I felt a kind of pleasure
in

in treading those particles of cold and vain dust, which, united for a moment, had formed the body of Octavius, near two thousand years ago.

A theatre is now built on this mausoleum. Combats of wild beasts are exhibited now and then in it; and lions are heard roaring in this ancient and silent mansion of death.

The celebrated obelisk conveyed, under the Cæsars, with so much difficulty and expence, from the borders of the Nile to those of the Tyber, all engraved in hieroglyphic characters, of which the alphabet is lost; that rising, in the middle of the seven hills, its majestic top in the air, which reflected the sun's rays, and dispensed the hour of day to all Rome--behold is now lying in that corner, with mutilated limbs, like a breathless corse, covered with mud and dust, and with ages that devour it!--separated from its base, which lies also at a distance, on which are seen the words : *Senatus populusque Romanus* ; and a little lower : *Urbanus pontifex Maximus*. Preposterous connection of time! How many centuries does it not destroy!

Of all Trajan's forum, that column only remains, which presented the image of that emperor to the adoration of the universe.

The column is still standing, and inviolate, except that instead of the emperor Trajan, it now bears St. Peter. This column is admirable for its proportion, its form, and its sculpture. All the military life of that emperor is written upon it, in triumphs. On this column are perhaps sculptured a thousand persons, and, from amongst them, the crayon and the pencil still come every day to select expressions, attitudes, and forms. Its base is magnificent; it is covered with helmets, cuirasses, swords, and a vast number of warlike instruments; but the greatest value, and the greatest interest of this superb monument, Trajan, is, that it bears thy name!—it is called *la colonna Trajana*.

How shall I attempt to describe the two marble horses, and the two slaves that lead them, seen on the place of Monte Cavallo, opposite the pope's palace! These two groups are sublime, both in thought and execution. On the base of one is written—*the work of Phidias*—
on

on that of the other---*the work of Praxiteles*---
 These inscriptions are evidently modern, and
 yet they do not revolt. These horses, in fact,
 are really horses, but of a particular nature;
 they are marble horses. Are those men slaves!
 —what bodies!—what heads!—what legs!—
 what arms!—and then again—what bodies!—
 for it is in that order they strike me. But
 how shall this slave repress the ardour of the
 fiery steed, ungoverned by a curb or a bit, who
 chafes, who bounds, who prances—He looks
 at him.

LETTER

LETTER LXIII.

ROME.

WHAT is love among the Roman fair?—what it can be in a climate; and in the midst of manners, where one seldom meets with those obstacles, that render it stronger; with those prejudices that enhance its value; with those moral ideas that embellish it; with those restraints that endear it; with those circumstances, in short, that may, as they often do in our manners, make of that noble passion a happiness, a triumph, and a virtue. Love among the Roman women is an amusement, an intrigue, or a caprice, and but for a short time a kind of propensity; for they wear it off extremely fast: their heart begins to love in its puberty. One of love's mysteries should certainly be secrecy; love at Rome is a common-place subject of conversation, added to those of the rain and fine weather, of the arrival

rival of a stranger, of the preferments that took place in the morning, and of the procession that passed in the evening. They talk of it to daughters before their mothers, and the mothers themselves speak of it before their daughters. A mother will naturally say in conversation—my daughter has lost her appetite; sleep has forsaken her; *she is in love*, poor girl—just with as little reserve, as if she were saying *she has got a fever*. I have seen priests dance with young ladies; it was thought no scandal—not even ridiculous; for here all sexes, dignities, and ages, have neither manners, nor pretensions, nor breeding, that distinguish and separate them. An old man, an officer, and a cardinal, will talk love to a young girl in a corner; and in the dark. The language is as dissolute as the climate; the moment you can say any thing to a woman, you tell her every thing. Girls, however, are in general pretty chaste; they bear, almost all, to the altar the virginity, not of the heart, but of the body; which the Italians set infinite value upon.—Daughters employ the first years of their youth in putting in practice, under their mothers eyes,

the

the lessons they have received on the art of getting a husband ; but as men are upon their guard, they lay twenty times their snares before they can catch one. They neglect nothing to obtain success, except that they appear to neglect nothing.

The most open gallantry does not stain in the least the reputation. A woman is chaste, in proportion as she is ugly ; gallant, in proportion as she is handsome—What then ! she has a gallant. Women quit love, that is to say men, when they can no longer pay them. Try not to find among the women here, that tenderness of heart, which penetrates, engages, and enchants ; that intimate and secret life enjoyed in common by two happy lovers ; that tenderness, by which even pains become pleasures ; ready to make the greatest sacrifices ; and evermore encreasing by enjoyment ;—that moral love, in short, which curbs or overrules the sensual one, or at least throws over it a veil that adorns it.

You likewise seldom meet here, between the sexes, those two charming, and endearing kinds

kinds of friendship, one of which succeeds love, the other imitates it, and both of which resemble it to such a degree, as to cause the one to be often mistaken for the other.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

ROME.

HERE is the fountain at last so renowned in the destiny of Rome; on the border of which wise Numa reported he conversed with his Naiad; and where, many centuries after, the chaste Vestals were wont to bathe!

What is become of that dark and religious wood which overshadowed it, and protected it from the violence of the wind, the approach of animals, and the profane looks of men? Egeria was not the divinity that spoke to Numa,—Your divinity, ye charming waves!—your agreeable murmur,—your refreshing coolness—the whole, in short, that lies around you, is all the charm of this mysterious silence!

I likewise, inspired by you, feel your penetrating influence! My heart is calm, my mind serene, all my senses are at peace.—I am happy.

happy. And yet, delightful fountain, when the moss, the turf, the violet, the honeysuckle, and the hawthorn, covered you, instead of this marble vault, and they alone adorned you, you must have been more eloquent! With what pleasure did I listen to all those charming waters, which, now free and independent, simply follow nature, gush out, overflow, or start up on the moss, on the sand, or on the marble, amidst the remains of ancient columns! They entertained me with all the objects dear to my heart; they brought them to my recollection; I thought I saw them! I was delighted with that canopy of briars, ivies, and wild vines, which were wont to occupy half the space of that marble vault, and which suspended around the fountain their young and gentle shades, waving before the zephyrs. These Corinthian capitals, which shining once in the air, seemed to crush with their weight the earth that bore them—behold them lying on the ground! These leaves of acanthus, so delicately wrought, are now covered with nettles!

Let

Let every thing that creeps, rejoice; for every thing that climbs, falls! But I must quit thee, delicious fountain! No longer now should thy place be in the middle of these silent and deserted fields, but in the middle of Arcadia, or at least, in the midst of a country where flocks might be seen hastening together to drink at thy source; shepherds, reposing on thy borders, and shepherdesses musing to the murmuring of thy waves! Such are the walks you may take when you are at Rome.

Others will carry with them from Rome pictures, marbles, and medals, with numberless productions of natural history—I shall carry with me sensations, sentiments, and ideas; and above all, those ideas, sentiments, and sensations, which naturally rise at the foot of antique columns, on the summits of triumphal arches, at the bottom of tombs in ruins, and on the mossy borders of fountains.

LETTER

LETTER LXV.

ROME.

WHAT splendour! what beauties in the palace of the Villa Borghese! It is an immense quantity of columns, pilasters, vases, and ornaments, in alabaster, marble, bronze, and porphyry—it would be no exaggeration to say, that all is porphyry, bronze, alabaster, and marble. But too much magnificence is certainly a fault.—Too much splendour conceals beauty. If you would have me judge, whether this woman is handsome or not, take away those diamonds; take away those ornaments—do not prevent my seeing her. There is but one way of adorning beauty; that way is, shewing it, or rather permitting it to be seen.—Through all that display of gold, porphyry, and marble which I saw, I was able, however, to distinguish a Curtius, ready to plunge into the gulph. The hero and the courser are really fallen! The eye turns with affright from the dreadful scene.

With

With what efforts the steed struggles against the mighty weight that urges him on! how reluctantly does he enter the fathomless abyfs! Curtius, on the contrary, submits with a devoted countenance—he hastens to the precipice—he plunges into it! a wonderful contrast between the physical power that yields, and the moral one that triumphs.—Behold the bust of Marcus Aurelius! Let us decypher his mind and his heart in every one of his features.—Yes, Marcus Aurelius must have had that melancholy look: he loved mankind, he wished to make them happy; he knew them. This bust is compleat; the chissel took delight in representing Marcus Aurelius; it paused, and pondered every where. How sweetly does the soul enjoy in contemplation, the traits of good princes! Their image furnishes the most delicious treat for her. We fancy for a moment that we are in the presence of the gods!—But I must not forget to mention the gladiator. In the Hercules of the Farnese-palace, art has shewn all the strength that the human body is capable of—in the gladiator of the Borghese palace, art has shewn all the vigour that the human body can display. You fancy that the
victorious

victorious blow is already given by the gladiator's hand—he strikes his antagonist!—in his very look we see the death of his adversary! What wonderful skill, and masterly proportions, do these three lines of marble, on which the gladiator is collected, and fixed, contain!

The group of Apollo pursuing Daphne does honour to Bernini's chissel. Apollo reaches Daphne, who suddenly changes into a laurel. Her dishevelled locks are now turned into leaves; her delicate feet spread under ground in roots; a rindy substance covers her beautiful bosom, and young supple branches supply the place of her tender arms. Loose to the wind flow the golden locks of Apollo. Do you recollect the charming prayer that Ovid puts into the mouth of the Delian God?—"Do not run so fast, my Daphne, upon these stones. Ah! moderate thy steps, cruel nymph, and I'll not pursue thee so swiftly:"—*Moderatius insequar ipse*.—I thought I heard the prayer on looking at the group. But I can no longer admire:—no longer can I look, nor any longer see.—Sensibility is exhausted—I must quit the palace.